

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

APRIL, 1858.

THE LAST CHAPTER OF AN EVENTFUL
HISTORY.

BY AN EDITOR.

WITH the events and circumstances which have invested with undying interest that little speck in the South Pacific Ocean, known by the name of Pitcairn's Island, most of our readers are doubtless more or less acquainted. The fearful mutiny which broke out on board the *Bounty*, off *Tofoa*, one of the *Friendly Islands*, in April, 1789, just sixty-nine years ago; the hair-breadth escapes of her commander, Lieutenant *Bligh*; the discovery, after the lapse of twenty years, that nine of the mutineers, each taking along with him from *Tahiti*, at which place they had touched, a savage wife, and the party being also accompanied by six men of *Tahiti*, three of whom had wives, and by a female *Tahitian* child of ten years old, had effected a landing, and had established themselves on the small, and at that time uninhabited island above mentioned; the names of these nine mutineers, of whom the leaders were *Fletcher Christian*, master's mate, the brother of *Edward Christian*, Esq., formerly Professor of Law in the University of Cambridge and Chief-Justice of the Isle of *Ely*—*Edward Young*, midshipman, a nephew of *Sir George Young*, Bart.—and *John Adams*, seaman, who had assumed the name of *Alexander Smith*; the frightful scenes of bloodshed and murder which took place soon after the landing at *Pitcairn*; the massacre, in 1793, of *Christian*, the ringleader, and of four others of the mutineers by the *Tahitian* savages, who were themselves all killed in the sanguinary frays which ensued, one of them being cut down with an ax by *Mr. Young's* wife, who, after her husband's death, married *Thursday October Christian*, *Fletcher Christian's* eldest son, and died at an advanced age in 1850, the last survivor of the

Bounty; the unsuccessful attempt of the women to leave an abode, the horrors of which—savages though they were—had become intolerable to them, by braving unaided the perils of the sea in a boat, which was upset while they were endeavoring to launch it; the subsequent scenes of strife and blood, insomuch that of the fifteen men who had landed from the *Bounty* only two—*Young* and *Adams*—died a natural death; and finally, in 1800, the sole survivorship on the island—with the exception of women and children—of *John Adams*; all these things have become matters of history, and so also has the marvelous and happy change which was subsequently wrought in the society of that "Paradise of the Pacific," *Pitcairn's Island*.

On this part of our subject we can but briefly touch; but some essential particulars must be concisely mentioned.

In the year 1800 *John Adams*, at the age of thirty-six, found himself, as we have intimated, the *only man* upon the island. There were twenty children, the offspring of his deceased comrades, and several women, all of whom were *Tahitian* idolaters. *John Adams* lived in perpetual dread of being discovered, and taken home to England to be tried and executed for his share in the mutiny; and remorse and fear preyed deeply upon his mind. The children, however, who had all been brought up in heathen ignorance, had come to regard him with a certain degree of reverence and affection, and most happily for himself and them, he possessed a copy of that divine book which is able to make men wise unto salvation. One single copy of the Bible, rescued from the *Bounty*, before the breaking up of that ill-fated ship by the mutineers after they had effected their landing at *Pitcairn*, had been preserved, and even occasionally read, by *Christian* and *Young* during the by-gone years of violence and bloodshed; and to *John Adams*, who had

now begun to make constant use of it, it proved a priceless blessing; for it eventually led him to the foot of the cross, a repentant suppliant for the pardon of his sins through the merits of the Redeemer. In proportion as his own mind became enlightened, he became anxious for the spiritual and eternal good of the half-pagan children around him. He read to them frequently from the Scriptures; instructed them, so far as he knew it, in the way that leadeth unto life; and prayed with them and for them; nor did he fail to see the fruit of his labors. That fruit was abundantly apparent during his lifetime; and that a plenteous harvest has since sprung up from the good seed which he sowed, is evinced by the history of the Pitcairn community from the period of his death up to the present time.

In the year 1814 the anxiety occasioned by the dread of discovery was removed from John Adams's mind. In the course of that year two English ships of war, the *Briton* and the *Tagus*, Captains Staines and Pipon, reached the island, and Adams naturally thought that his sin had found him out. Not now, however, as formerly, did he attempt concealment; on the contrary, he at once presented himself to the officers, and heard from them with a sense of relief altogether indescribable, that he was not to be arrested; that the time for that had passed away, and that they duly appreciated the value of his instruction and guidance to the young people upon the island, where he had now spent a quarter of a century. Captain Sir Thomas Staines, who was hospitably received by Adams and his wife, now infirm and blind, thus wrote of him in a letter to the Admiralty:

"A venerable old man,* named John Adams, is the only surviving Englishman of those who quitted Otaheite in the *Bounty*; and his exemplary conduct and fatherly care of the whole little colony could not but command admiration. The pious manner in which all those born on the island have been reared, the correct sense of religion that has been instilled into their minds by this old man, has given him the preëminence over the whole of them; they look up to him as the father of the whole, and as one family."

The Pitcairn community consisted at this time of about forty-six persons, chiefly grown-up young people—Thursday October Christian, the first-born upon the island, being now twenty-five years old—and of several infants. The young people, both

male and female, had decidedly English features; the young men being handsome and athletic; and the young women distinguished by the modesty of their air and manner. All except the very young children were employed in the cultivation of the ground, or in fishing, under the direction of John Adams, who kept an account of the work performed. "The utmost harmony prevailed among them. They were laborious, honest, cheerful, and friendly, and exemplary in the discharge of religious duties." The Sabbath among them was a day of holy rest; Adams conducting its public services. Possessing an English Prayer-Book, he himself read prayers on that day, according to the usage of the Church of England, the appointed lessons being read by whichever of the young men he might select for that office.

Such in 1814 were the character and condition of these interesting islanders, and such they were found to be when, in 1825, Captain Beechey visited Pitcairn. The inhabitants were still under the care of their revered patriarch, John Adams, and the Sabbath was still esteemed by them "a delight, honorable." Captain Beechey wrote of them as follows:

"During the whole time I was with them, I never heard them indulge in a joke or other levity. . . . They could not see the propriety of uttering what was not strictly true, for any purpose whatever. The Sabbath day is devoted entirely to prayer, reading, and serious meditation. No boat is allowed to quit the shore, nor any work whatever to be done, cooking excepted, for which preparation is made the preceding evening. I attended their church on this day, and found the service well conducted. The prayers were read by Adams. . . . The greatest devotion was apparent in every individual; and in the children there was a seriousness unknown in the younger part of our communities at home.

"All that remains to be said of these excellent people is, that they appear to live together in perfect harmony and contentment; to be virtuous, religious, cheerful, and hospitable beyond the limits of prudence, and to be patterns of conjugal and parental affection."

Such, by the Divine blessing on the Christian instruction and training afforded to them, were the immediate descendants of the perpetrators of the atrocious outrage committed on board the *Bounty*. John Adams died peacefully in the faith and hope of the Gospel, on the 5th of March, 1829, in the sixty-fifth year of his age.

Thus ended one chapter of this eventful history. The recollection of the mutiny which had

*This expression may suggest some idea of the wearing effect produced by the circumstances of his life upon John Adams; he being at this time barely fifty years old.

been followed by so many deeds of horror, no longer loaded with a weight of guilt the conscience of any inhabitant of the lovely South Sea isle. A hopeful future lay before the little community.

And now another actor is to be introduced upon this interesting scene; one who was doubtless marked out by Providence to be the successor of the departed guide, friend, and spiritual pastor of the bereaved islanders.

George Hunt Nobbs, the remarkable circumstances of whose previous career want of space forbids us to detail, was a lieutenant in the British navy, and had been already four times round the world, when, hearing from the captain of one of the vessels in which he sailed, a highly-attractive description of Pitcairn's Island, and of the happiness of its inhabitants, he conceived an earnest desire to settle there, and to devote his remaining days to the promoting of the best interests of the islanders. He accordingly fitted out a launch for Pitcairn, and landed there in November, 1828; about four months before the death of John Adams.

Adams, aware that the time of his own departure was at hand, and discerning the character and motives of the stranger, received him with much cordiality, and at once installing him in the office of schoolmaster, prepared the way for his succeeding, when his own death should occur, to the influence and authority which he had so long exercised. Mr. Nobbs, then in his thirtieth year, speedily gained the confidence and affection of the islanders, at that time sixty-eight in number, and thenceforward served them in the triple capacity of schoolmaster, medical adviser, and pastor. A portion of land was assigned by the grateful community for his support; a dwelling was erected for him out of the materials of the launch which had brought him to the island; he married the granddaughter of the female child whom we have mentioned as having been brought from Tahiti by the mutineers; established himself in the house provided for him; and there had eleven children born to him.

At the risk of extending this article beyond its due limits, we extract a portion of the testimony to the religious condition of the people among whom he labored, and to the happy fruits of his Christian teaching, borne by this excellent man in the year 1847; he having then been about nineteen years upon the island:

"I have seen many depart out of this life, not only happy, but triumphant. And herein is, I think, the best test of the Christian character; for when we see a person, who for a number of

years has not only in word but in deed adorned the doctrine of our God and Savior in all things, brought to the confines of the eternal world, about to enter the precincts of the silent grave, yet with unabated energy and fervor proclaim his hope of a glorious resurrection; when we see a person suffering the most acute pain, exhorting and encouraging others to pursue the same path he has trod; telling of the love of God to his soul, and of his desire to depart that he may enter the presence of his Redeemer; when we witness such unwavering confidence amid such intense sufferings; and when the sanity of the patient is undoubted, can we hesitate to say, 'Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his?' It has been my felicity to witness several departures of this description within a few years. . . . All these died in the faith. Some of the diseases were lingering, others rapidly fatal; but in all cases the subjects were strong in faith, giving glory to God."

In the month of July, 1851, Rear-Admiral Fairfax Moresby, Commander-in-Chief in the Pacific, visited and staid four days upon the island, which he described as "a speck in the ocean, rising like a paradise from its bosom." Of his visit he thus wrote:

"Of all the eventful periods which have checked my life, none have surpassed in interest the last, our visit to Pitcairn. . . . It is impossible to describe the charm that the society of the islanders throws around them under the providence of God."

An important event in the Pitcairn history is connected with this visit.

The islanders had for some time desired that their beloved friend and pastor should receive Episcopal ordination. It was with extreme difficulty, when it came to the point, that they could bring themselves to part with him; but as Admiral Moresby offered to leave with them his own chaplain—the Rev. Mr. Holman—during Mr. Nobbs's absence, it was agreed that the opportunity should be embraced; and Mr. Nobbs sailed with the Admiral, first for Valparaiso, and ultimately for England; where, on the 24th of October, 1852, at the age of fifty-three years, he was ordained deacon in the parish church of Islington; the Bishop of Sierra Leone officiating on this occasion for the late Bishop of London. Priest's orders Mr. Nobbs received at Fulham, on the 30th of the following November; his description in his letters of orders being "Chaplain of Pitcairn's Island."

We have not space for Mr. Holman's testimony to the Christian character of the Pitcairn Islanders

during his abode among them; nor can we even describe the interview with Queen Victoria with which Mr. Nobbs was gratified, and which took place at Osborne just two days before he set forth on his return voyage of ten thousand miles. We must even omit all details of his landing among his flock in that distant little island, "just without the tropics," to be parted from them no more on earth. We may, however, fancy him among his rejoicing people, when on the 24th of May, 1853, they celebrated together her Majesty's birthday, displaying the standard of England, and firing, almost for the last time, the single gun which in 1845 had been fished up from the wreck of the *Bounty*, after having been "for fifty-five years deposited at the bottom of the sea upon a bed of coral, guiltless of blood."*

We come now to the last chapter of this history.

The speck on the bosom of the waters, rendered forever memorable by the story connected with it, abounding as it does with the cocoa-nut-tree, the plantain, the bread-fruit, and the banyan; with pines, oranges, limes, melons, etc.; and, since its pastor's return to it, with "singing birds, roses, and myrtles," sent by sympathizing English friends; and being endeared to its inhabitants by never-to-be-forgotten associations; is but four miles and a half in circumference; one mile and a half being its greatest length. The approaching necessity of emigration has consequently been long foreseen by its inhabitants; and although they, together with their beloved minister, have felt and expressed the utmost repugnance to leave it, "so long as even a sweet potato should remain to them;" the unwilling removal has been determined upon, and has taken place; and another South Sea island is now the abode of what was lately the community of Pitcairn.

On the 21st of April, 1856, the *Morayshire*, sent from Sydney by the Governor of New South Wales, for the purpose of transporting the reluctant emigrants to Norfolk Island, arrived in Bounty Bay, situated on the north-eastern side of Pitcairn, and in that part of it which is the least difficult of access. The remaining particulars of this remarkable story must be told chiefly in the words used by the Rev. G. H. Nobbs, in the very interesting diary of which he lately transmitted an extract to the Committee of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

* In consequence of an accident which recently occurred from the incautious use of this gun, which was in a somewhat unsafe condition, the firing of it has been prohibited.

"May 1—*Thursday*—1856.—This day assembled for the last time—as we supposed—in our church, for Divine service. It was a solemn time; most of the congregation were deeply affected. All the rest of the day employed in getting things off to the ship. . . . There is no surgeon on board, the medical as well as the clerical superintendence will devolve upon me."

"May 3—*Saturday*.—Fine weather; breakfast eaten with heavy hearts. My family being among those appointed to embark first, previous to doing so, Mrs. Nobbs and myself went into the graveyard, where are deposited the remains of our first-born. Scarcely a word was spoken by either of us; but tears fell freely. Why? Not because we lamented the lot of a saint in Christ, but because we were about to leave the grave and headstone which had often since the death of our child afforded us the melancholy but soothing contemplation of 'his name and years spelt by th' unletter'd muse;' to leave these frail memorials, which had become unspeakably dear to us, never to behold them more. This reflection caused our tears; not an ungrateful repining that our son was with his Lord. *Vale, Reuben!* till this corruptible shall have put on incorruption."

Few parents who have known the loss of a child will read that entry without emotion. Mr. Nobbs thus proceeds:

"At Bounty Bay we rejoined those who were to embark in the same boat with us, and passing safely through the surf, commenced our departure. After a short pull we got on board the *Morayshire*. . . . By four o'clock, P. M., every person was on board, without any accident occurring; the ship made sail with a fair breeze, and in the dusk of the evening Pitcairn receded from our view.

"There were very few of the late inhabitants on deck to take a last long lingering look at the much-loved and ever-to-be-remembered spot; for very many, men, women, and children, were suffering intensely from nausea. . . . Night after night I had to be in attendance on them; and great was my fear that some would not land on Norfolk Island; but it pleased our heavenly Father to spare their lives, and to add one to our number during the passage.

"During the whole passage the community, at seven, A. M., assembled on the berth deck, when the Scriptures were read, and prayers offered to the Father of mercies, to implore his protection for the coming day. . . . At eight, P. M., the bell again rang, and all assembled for prayer. The service commenced by singing a hymn; then reading the Scriptures and prayer; and concluded

by all joining in the evening hymn. Then whoever chose went to bed; some went on deck to sit awhile; and many of the younger people spent a couple of hours singing, under the instruction of Charles Christian.

"*Sunday, June 8th.*—Close in with Norfolk Island. No doubt other parts of the island have a better appearance, but this side certainly loses in the comparison with our 'Rock of the West.'"

It blew a fresh gale, with heavy rain, during the disembarkation; and the boat, moreover, "leaking badly," the new comers were "thoroughly drenched." However, by one o'clock, afternoon, the landing of the whole party had been effected without accident.

"During the whole time of debarkation," writes Mr. Nobbs, "Captain Denham remained on the pier notwithstanding the heavy rain, and welcomed our people as they landed to their new home. . . . Toward the close of this eventful day, we all assembled in a large upper room in the military barracks, Captain Denham and most of the Government establishment being there also; when we solemnly and gratefully offered our thanks and praises to the triune God for his continued goodness and mercy in thus bringing us to our future earthly home; and I trust we were sincere in imploring his watchful care, that we swerve not to the right or to the left."

On the following Sunday, June 15th, divine service was twice celebrated in the church, and the sacrament of the Lord's supper administered by Mr. Nobbs to fifty-eight communicants; the only two persons not of the Pitcairn community being Captain Denham and Lieutenant Gregorie, of the Morayshire. Two or three weeks later, Bishop Selwyn arriving from New Zealand, made the personal acquaintance of Mr. Nobbs, and saw something of the interesting flock newly brought under his episcopal superintendence. Early in the September following, the Bishop paid a second visit to Norfolk Island; and on Sunday, the 7th of that month, he confirmed eighty-six of the recently-arrived settlers; they constituting the whole of the adult Pitcairn population, excepting three persons, who were unable to attend. Andrew Christian, the great-grandson of Fletcher Christian, the ringleader of the mutineers, was the youngest of those who received the rite. In the afternoon of the same day the ordinance of baptism was administered by Bishop Selwyn to a grandchild of the original John Adams.

In the Journal of the Rev. G. H. Nobbs already mentioned, there are some further details which might be woven into a continuation of this narrative; but in its essential features the tale is now

told. We have traced the singularly-romantic and most interesting history of the Pitcairn community from the landing of Fletcher Christian and his band of murderous associates with their Tahitian wives upon the little island in which they took refuge, through the marvelous and happy moral transformation which ensued, and of which, by the Divine blessing on his own study of THE BIBLE, and on his subsequent teaching and training of his younger companions, John Adams was made the principal instrument, up to the time when, in consequence of the increase of their numbers, the islanders were constrained to quit their peaceful "paradise" for a wider abode; and having accompanied them and their long-trying and dearly-loved friend and minister to their new home, we have seen them safely landed, and in the full participation of those enlarged Christian privileges secured to all British subjects. They have a claim to the sympathies of every Christian heart, and a bright future is, we trust, before them. And they certainly may be regarded as furnishing an illustrious example of the redeeming and elevating power of the Gospel of Christ Jesus. But, as an independent social organization, the interesting society of Pitcairn's Island has now become extinct. The individuals that composed it are now identified with a new order of things. Their interesting history is now a story of the past.

THE EXILE'S SONG.

BY MRS. A. L. RUTER DUFOUR.

ALONE, alone, a wand'ring, weary exile,
Afar from kindred, home, and native land;
My heart in silence evermore is pining,
To clasp again some dear, familiar hand.
No eye with love, here, kindles at my presence,
None fly with joy my coming steps to greet;
No genial spirit soothes with sweet caressings,
Or bids mine welcome to its own retreat.

A lonely exile in a land of strangers,
With none but God to comfort, aid, or guide:
No heart thrills proudly when my name is spoken;
None fondly seek to linger by my side.
I warble songs, once in my home so cherished,
With throbbing pulse and eyes all dim with tears;
My spirit scorns the throng's applause so heartless,
And turns away to dream of by-gone years.

Again I see a group of sweet home faces,
Whose loving praise my pulses oft has thrill'd,
And with the echoes of those olden numbers,
Come memories dear that long my heart has fill'd.
The vision fades; my soul is hushed in sadness;
All music greets me like the night-wind's moan;
Around, above, beneath I hear but echoes
Of that sepulchral note—alone—alone!

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY EMILY C. HUNTINGTON.

IT was the Christmas eve, and we children were gathered in the twilight in the large old-fashioned kitchen of grandfather's farm-house. It was a pleasant room, that great kitchen, with its floor always as white as abundant scouring could make it, and its ample fireplace, up which the broad sheets of flame rushed and frolicked, sending a clear, ruddy glow into every nook and corner. Then there was the great stone hearth where we cracked nuts on long winter evenings, and the old-fashioned settle in the corner, with its high back and awkward arms, looking like an honest, homely friend, as it was. But, best of all, there was grandmother's chair, a very shrine to us children, with its cover of chintz, on which we loved to trace out the wonderful birds, and beasts, and baskets of fruit. That chair with its occupant are vividly daguerreotyped on my mind. I can see her now as she sat that Christmas eve, with the leaping fire-light flashing in her pale, sweet face, and lighting up her silver hair. There were three of us children, my cousin Willie, my brother Hal, and myself; and as we had explored the old garret to its last nook, frightened the kittens away to the barn, ate cakes and apples till eating was an impossibility, we gathered round the fire in a more quiet mood and begged grandmother for a story. "Something about the war," pleaded Willie, in whose veins ran the quick blood of youth, "or about yourself, grandma," I added, with all a girl's curiosity alive in my heart. That day in ransacking a trunk in the garret, with a secret misgiving that I ought not to do it, I had come upon a bundle of old letters tied up with a black ribbon. The paper was yellow with age, and as I turned them curiously over a curl of dark brown hair dropped out into my lap. I was sitting there upon the floor, slowly coiling the hair over my finger, when my grandmother entered with her quiet step and stood beside me. I looked up with a frightened glance, half fearing the reproof I knew I merited; but there was only sorrow in the gentle face as she said softly, "I am sorry you have disturbed those papers, May. Put them up now and some time I will tell you a story about them." Then stooping down she gathered them up, took the lock of hair in her trembling fingers, and, as she restored it to its resting-place, a tear fell down upon it. She said no more to me then, and my penitence for my offense was soon forgotten in an unendurable desire to know what the story of the old letters could be; and although I dared not suggest it, yet it was with a

secret hope that she would gratify my curiosity that my petition for an evening tale was made.

Grandmother laid her knitting down in her lap, crossed her hands, and looked thoughtfully into the fire a few moments, then began just as I had hoped she would do.

"I promised you, May, to tell you something about the old letters you found this morning, and I will do so now. When I was a girl my parents lived in a large house upon the sea-shore. There were only two of us children, my brother Fred and myself. Fred was two years older than I, and a noble-hearted boy as ever breathed. I can see him now, just as I used to see him every day of the summer, coming slowly down the beach on his way home from school, his great brown eyes shining with light, and his soft hair blown back by the sea-breeze. He would come sauntering along till he was near the gate where I always waited for him, then bounding over the fence, met me with a merry smile and some sweet word of affection. Never did brother and sister so live in each other's love as we did. I cared for nothing that Fred could not share, and he was well content to spend long hours with me under the orchard-trees, or out upon the beach, watching the flashing waters and the changeful sky. What dreams we wove together for our beautiful future, and how little we thought of all that lay before us!

When Fred was sixteen he went away to college, and for a time I was almost broken-hearted; but by and by I learned to be less selfish, and to look forward hopefully to the time when the world would do homage to my darling brother as I did. His letters, which were long and frequent, were full of bright anticipations of the years of manhood, and the time when he could go forth to take an active part in the busy, restless world.

"I will be no dull clod for other men to tread upon," he wrote; "I will make the world feel me before I have done living in it. You remember the rocks we saw on the beach, with the impress of shells stamped deeply into them; just so I would like to leave an impress of my life on men's hearts and memories, that would live long after me." I was fully as ambitious as my brother, and my own wish was to see him shine in his chosen profession, the law. I used to go out upon the beach and watch the waves slowly rolling in upon the sand and breaking into foam, and dream such wild, beautiful dreams, and all for him. By and by there came a change in his letters. There was a great revival among the students, and silently but surely the work went on. Fred was deeply convicted, but his proud heart would not

yield at first; he could not give up the hopes and plans around which so much happiness seemed to cling, and leave his future in God's hand. 'I would be a Christian, sister,' he wrote, 'but for one thing—I can not escape the conviction that it will be my duty to become a preacher of the Gospel, and I can not give up all my ambitious schemes for gaining earthly glory, and be content with that.'

"I was very angry when I read this letter. My heart rebelled at the thought that my cherished brother was an undeserving sinner, and I would not for a moment think of his giving up his plan of life to become a poor, despised minister. I wrote to him a half-angry expostulation, and begged him for my sake, for his own sake, to throw aside such foolish notions and be himself again. Before a week had passed there came a long letter to me, written on Christmas morning. O how well I remember it—years after, when another Christmas had left a terrible, burning memory on my heart and brain, I read it with thankful tears falling like rain upon it, but the tears that first stained its pages were more of mortification and disappointment!

"Precious Sister,—With a full heart I send to you this morning the Christmas greeting of the olden days, "*Christ is risen.*" Truly upon my heart has he arisen, the very sun of righteousness. "*Christ is risen,*" for when I, like Lazarus, lay bound about with the garments of death, he it was who wept at my grave; he who rolled away the stone and laid his hand upon me; he who called me to come forth out of darkness into the light of his presence; and "whereas I was dead, now I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." For my future I take not a thought; God holds it in his hand and I am ready to receive it from him; thrice blessed if he find me worthy to go as a messenger before his face, a priest of the Most High.'

"I felt as if my brother was lost to me then—as if something had come between our hearts; for while he had taken away from me that which had united us, I would not share with him in his new sympathies. It needed a bitter visitation to subdue me, and it came in God's own time. When Frederick graduated I went with my father to attend the commencement anniversaries. While my brother was upon the stage delivering his address, all my old pride in him came back stronger than ever. The house was crowded, and every one seemed to listen almost breathlessly to the eloquent words that fell from the lips of the young speaker; and when he finished and left the stage there was a murmur of applause through-

out the house. 'He will study for the bar, I presume,' said a gentleman near me, whom I recognized as an eminent lawyer; 'I predict for him a brilliant career.' 'No,' replied his friend, 'for the ministry, I am told.' 'What a pity; he might become distinguished as a jurist; and as a minister he has no prospect but to wear himself out for a community that will not appreciate him at all. Very foolish, I say. Is there no possibility of changing his mind?'

"I listened to every word, and my heart said with the man of the world, 'What a pity!' I had not learned then how high above the encomiums of all earthly potentates is the 'well done, good and faithful servant,' spoken by the King of kings; or how the stars in the Christian's crown of rejoicing outshines the glories of earthly diadems.

"Fred was not to return with us, for he had accepted an invitation to spend some time in a southern city with a classmate, to whom he was warmly attached, after which he was to visit some relatives of ours. 'I shall be with you on Christmas, so good-by till then,' these were his parting words, and then bending over me he added more gravely, 'You will remember, will you not, the derivation of the dear old benediction, "good-by;" it is said to have been "God be with ye,"'

"The carriage drove away, and looking back I saw him still standing upon the steps, his handsome face turned toward us, and even in the distance I fancied there was a shade of sadness upon it. The memory of it haunted me for years, for I never saw his living face again. With Christmas came, not my brother, but a messenger bringing the terrible news of an accident by which the joy and gladness of many a household was quenched forever, and the next day a mangled corpse was borne silently over our threshold, instead of the feet that should have sprung lightly in at the door; and in place of Christmas greetings, were sobs, and moanings, and prayers from hearts wrung well-nigh to breaking. It was then I learned to pray. There was a long time in which I was as one groping in a dungeon, reaching out my weak hands, but only meeting on every side the blank walls, till at last, when wearied out with struggling, I 'touched God's right hand in the darkness' and was lifted out of it.

"Christmas has been a sad and solemn day to me since then; yet whenever I think of my brother's Christmas greeting, my heart replies, '*Christ is risen indeed, and hath appeared unto me.*'"

THE "FIVE POINTS" MISSION,
ITS PRESENT CONDITION AND FUTURE PROSPECTS.

BY REV. N. MEAD, MISSIONARY.

THE more prominent and revolting feature that gave original notoriety to the "Five Points," having to some extent passed away, the mission in that place owes its present importance chiefly to the character and extent of the field in which it is located.

This mission is at the center of a territory in the very heart of the city, extending in length three-fourths of a mile, from Hester-street on the north, to the East river on the south, and averaging about half a mile in width, with Baxter and Roosevelt streets dividing it into nearly equal portions. Within the limits of this territory there is a population of from fifty to sixty thousand inhabitants. They are mostly of foreign origin, and the mass of them are exceedingly poor. Intemperance and other degrading vices prevail here to a greater degree than in any other locality of similar extent in our city or land. There is very little sense of morals or of pure religion to be found among the people. Nor is this to be wondered at when we consider that every evangelical Church in this entire section has disappeared. Gradually, but steadily, the native and Protestant population have removed to the upper part of the city, or to adjacent towns. In quick succession they have disposed of their church property, so that where there were fourteen Protestant churches, within our remembrance, not one now remains. While this process has been going on the population of this region has greatly increased, having, in some portions of it, more than doubled within the last twenty years.

There are churches on the borders of the section I have described, but they scarcely affect the interior. The only evangelical influence left to directly operate upon this mass is that connected with the missions at the Five Points. The Romanists have five churches in this district, two of them obtained from the Protestant Episcopalians and one from the Universalists. There are also six theaters, that by their nightly exhibitions ensnare and debase the young. Rum-shops and lager bier saloons have become astonishingly multiplied. As there is very little legal restraint upon the traffic, intoxicating drinks generally, of the vilest kinds, are sold at nearly every corner, and, in many places, at every door. In the fourth and sixth wards alone there are ten hundred and seventy-six places where alcoholic liquors are either made or sold. The population of these two wards is now somewhat under fifty thousand,

so that there is an average of less than fifty persons, including children, for each place where this poison is sold. Here, then, in the valley, that formerly received the waters from the ridges, over which Broadway and the Bowery pass, is now a deep sink of iniquity—far deeper than the original "collect" that once occupied its center, into which annually float thousands of our race, to be engulfed in wretchedness here, and despair hereafter. Here is an immense morass, from which a moral miasma is continually arising, that scatters the seeds of death among the entire population of our city, and more or less affects the whole land.

A most important inquiry arises, What can be done to save this population? What can be done to save our city from the effects of the moral pestilence engendered here? It is evident that many of our citizens, and some even who bear the Christian name, think the task of effecting a reformation here altogether hopeless. The intemperance and other vicious tendencies are too firmly fixed, the superstition too strong, and the debasement too great, they think, to expect any marked improvement. At least the labor and means expended here would accomplish far more good if applied elsewhere. And thus they would quietly give these 50,000 souls over to intemperance, superstition, and ruin. In mute despair they would let the fires of this fearful volcano, in the very heart of our city, burn on, and run the risk of an eruption that would involve us in one common ruin.

This, thank God, is not the conviction of all. There are those who have faith in God, and in the provisions he has made for the salvation and happiness of all. They believe that none are so low that he does not pity them, or require his servants to labor for their salvation.

There is, however, some difference of opinion among those who aim at the reformation and salvation of the degraded and wretched as to the true methods by which to accomplish their object. The same spirit that attempts to civilize the heathen before Christianizing them, leads quite a number to propose, as a primary and prominent measure, some plan to directly improve their physical condition. They think if the vicious are only supplied with work and with food, they will gradually, if not immediately, become virtuous. Hence the so frequently repeated observation, "You need not tell them to be good; they know this already. Show them how they may get an honest living, and it will be easy to reform them. They are hungry, therefore they steal. Bibles are useless to a starving man." The only hope of

others is the removal of the people, especially the young, from the corruption with which they are surrounded, and placing them in Christian families, where they may receive such a training as will correct the evil habits of their earlier years.

To feed the hungry is unquestionably a prominent Christian duty, prompted by all the instincts of a true religious life, and sanctioned by the example of Christ, by the miracles he wrought, and by the rewards of the last day. It is equally as great, if not a far greater charity, to furnish the destitute with employment, by which they may earn their own bread. It is also a noble work to take the starving and homeless child away from the influence of vicious example, and place it in a kind, Christian family, securing to it a sound intellectual, moral, and religious training. Nothing, however, can be farther from the truth, than to imagine that either one or all of these plans of benevolence is the true method to redeem a degraded population, or to remove the evils under which they suffer. The disease is too deep to be healed by merely external means. The difficulty lies in the corruption of the moral nature—in the powerful influence of sinful habits and vicious passions.

Under ordinary circumstances it is not so much the work they need, as the disposition to perform it. The want of bread frequently arises from the waste of time and means in the use of intoxicating drinks, and in other sensual indulgences.

If the money spent by the people of the Fourth and Sixth wards, in six months, for alcoholic liquors, was paid out for bread, there would be an ample supply for the whole year. There are, indeed, multiplied cases, especially at this juncture, where so many are thrown out of employment, requiring the hand of charity to save them from suffering, and even from starvation. But while endeavoring to supply these necessary cases, it requires much experience and no little caution not to increase the existing evils by fostering pauperism and other crimes, that are the causes of the suffering we are striving to remove. It is sometimes thought that a generous and free distribution of the necessities and comforts of life to the destitute will secure the confidence of the people, awaken their gratitude, and inspire them with the desire of imitating the examples of goodness thus set before them. A correct view of human nature, with all its inherent selfishness, and a thorough experience in any practical effort of the kind, will convince us to the contrary.

Neither does the plan of separating children and others from their families and scattering them through the country furnish the adequate remedy.

It may save the individuals removed; it will not regenerate the mass that remains. The place—the community—is the same it was before, and the vacuum produced by the removal is immediately supplied from abroad. Instead of healing the waters, we are merely dipping them out drop by drop, while the pond is still kept full and overflowing from the streams that so constantly pour into it. We must have that which will affect the fountain. We need a salt which, when thrown in, shall heal the waters themselves. This is to be found in the Gospel alone. Its simple truths are to be taught to old and young, in the Sabbath school and in the pulpit. The Gospel is to be preached, publicly and from house to house, whether men will hear, or whether they will forbear. It is to be presented in a direct, plain, simple, and earnest manner. This is an agency that strikes at the root of the evil. In it are presented those motives that will arouse the soul, awaken it from its slumbers, enable it to throw off its shackles, and lead it to a new life. This is an agency devised by infinite wisdom and sanctioned by the great Head of the Church. In view of the sufferings of humanity, and for their relief, he has said to his servants, *do good, feed the hungry, visit the sick*. But to enlighten, reform, and save the world, he has said, "Go and preach the Gospel to every creature;" "Preach the word;" "Be instant in season and out of season." This is *the* remedy, and the *only* effectual remedy.

As we have been laboring for seven years at the Five Points it may, with propriety, be asked, what have you accomplished? Certainly not all that we have desired, probably not what many had hoped; and yet, in view of the circumstances, all that could have reasonably been anticipated. When we consider the obstacles arising from the ignorance, prejudice, superstition, and vices of the people, and those influences which, to some extent, have diverted the attention of the laborers from this feature of the work, we may be surprised that so much has been accomplished. With only a missionary or two, and his time and thoughts so largely occupied with the bodily wants of the people, and with other necessary secular cares, what more could reasonably have been expected in the midst of such a population?

What, then, is the want of this section of our city? a dozen men or more, full of faith and the Holy Ghost, who shall be under circumstances to give themselves wholly to the word of God and prayer. Let them be, if you please, of different denominations. I would that each evangelical Church in this city had its representative there. At any rate, whether many or few, and of what-

ever name, let them keep steadily at their work, applying themselves with all possible diligence to bring these lost souls to Christ, heedless of those who show their opposition by the cry of sectarianism, or their semi-infidelity by the sneer about giving tracts instead of bread.

As the followers of Christ we can not be indifferent to the sufferings of those around us, or neglect any proper means to relieve them. Neither should any Christian minister suffer himself to be turned aside from his proper work by an affected sympathy for the body, which, at the same time, neglects the only effectual and divinely-appointed means of benefiting the *man* in this world and the one to come.

“AWA, AWA!”

HUGH MILLER ON THE DEATH OF HIS FIRST CHILD.

IN the spring of 1839 a sad bereavement darkened my household, and for a time left me little heart to pursue my wonted amusements, literary or scientific. We had been visited, ten months after our marriage, by a little girl, whose presence had added not a little to our happiness. Home became more emphatically such from the presence of the child, that in a few months had learned so well to know its mother, and in a few more to take its stand in the nurse's arms, at an upper window that commanded the street, and to recognize and make signs to its father, as he approached the house. Its few little words, too, had a fascinating interest to our ears—our own names, lisped in a language of its own, every time we approached; and the single Scottish vocable “awa, awa,” which it knew how to employ in such plaintive tones as we retired, and that used to come back to us in recollection, like an echo from the grave, when its brief visit was over, it had left us forever, and its fair face and silken hair lay in darkness, amid the clods of the churchyard. In how short a time had it laid hold of our affections! Two brief years before and we knew it not; and now it seemed as if the void which it left in our hearts the whole world could not fill. We buried it beside the old chapel of St. Regulus, with the deep rich woods all around save where an opening in front commands the distant land and the blue sea; and where the daisies which it had learned to love, mottle, star-like, the mossy mounds; and where birds, whose songs its ear had become skillful enough to distinguish, pour their notes over its little grave. The following simple but truthful stanzas, which I found among its mother's papers, seem to have been

written in this place—sweetest of burying-places—a few weeks after its burial, when a chill and spring, that had scowled upon its lingering illness, broke out at once into genial summer:

“Thou’rt ‘awa, awa’ from thy mother’s side,
And ‘awa, awa’ from thy father’s knee;
Thou’rt ‘awa’ from our blessing, our care, our caressing,
But ‘awa’ from our hearts thou’lt never be.

All things, dear child, that were wont to please thee,
Are around thee here, in beauty bright—
There’s music rare in the cloudless air,
And the earth is teeming with living delight.

Thou’rt ‘awa, awa’ from the bursting spring-time,
Tho’ o’er thy head its green boughs wave;
The lambs are leaving their little footprints
Upon the turf of thy new-made grave.

And art thou ‘awa,’ and ‘awa,’ forever—
That little face—that tender frame—
That voice which first in sweetest accents
Call’d me the mother’s thrilling name—

That head of nature’s finest molding—
Those eyes, the deep night ether’s blue,
Where sensibility its shadows
Of ever-changing meaning threw?

Thy sweetness, patience under suffering,
All promised us an opening day
Most fair, and told that to subdue thee
Would need but love’s most gentle sway.

Ah me! ’t was here I thought to lead thee,
And tell thee what are life and death,
And raise thy serious thought’s first waking
To Him who holds out every breath.

And does my selfish heart then grudge thee,
That angels are thy teachers now—
That glory from thy Savior’s presence
Kindles the crown upon thy brow?

O, no! to me earth must be lonelier,
Wanting thy voice, thy hand, thy love;
Yet dost thou dawn a star of promise,
Mild beacon to the world above.”

BLESSEDNESS.

BY MRS. H. E. BENJAMIN.

In woodland cot or prairie home,
From strife of tongues to dwell apart,
With honest labor thine employ,
With books and pen for leisure rare,
And nature for society;
With Fashion’s bonds so lightly worn,
They fetter neither mind nor heart;
Affection’s chain more closely clasped,
Encircling husband, children, friends—
At peace with God and all the world;
Thine aspirations after fame
Held in firm check by pious thought,
To be content, though conscious that
Some nobler sphere befits thee well;
To bide God’s time to raise thee up,
With heart submissive, brow serene,
To meet life’s trials at thy post—
This, this is blessedness.

PASSAGES ILLUSTRATIVE.

BY THE EDITOR.

IN closing our rapid sketch of Mrs. Stowe in our last number, we promised a few passages illustrative of her genius and power. We now proceed to redeem that promise. In "The Mayflower," a work which has attracted less attention than any other of the published works of Mrs. Stowe, we find brief sketches drawn by the same master-hand. There are the same gleams of playful humor, of deep and inimitable pathos, and the same brilliant word-painting which appear in *Uncle Tom and Dred*. We find a sketch copied to our hand. Few of our readers probably have seen it. It is entitled

"LITTLE EDWARD.

"Were any of you born in New England, in the good old catechising, church-going, school-going, orderly times? If so, you may have seen my Uncle Abel; the most perpendicular, rectangular, upright, downright, good man that ever labored six days and rested on the seventh.

"You remember his hard, weather-beaten countenance, where every line seemed drawn with 'a pen of iron and the point of a diamond;' his considerate, gray eyes, that moved over objects as if it were not best to be in a hurry about seeing; the circumspect opening and shutting of his mouth; his down-sitting and up-rising, all performed with conviction aforethought—in short, the whole ordering of his life and conversation, which was, according to the tenor of the military order, 'to the right about face—forward, march!' Now if you supposed, from all this triangularism of exterior, that this good man had nothing kindly within, you were much mistaken. You often find the greenest grass under a snow-drift; and, though my uncle's mind was not exactly of the flower-garden kind, still there was an abundance of wholesome and kindly vegetation there.

"It is true, he seldom laughed, and never joked, himself, but no man had a more serious and weighty conviction of what a good joke was in another; and when some exceeding witticism was dispensed in his presence, you might see Uncle Abel's face slowly relax into an expression of solemn satisfaction, and he would look at the author with a sort of quiet wonder, as if it was past his comprehension how such a thing could come into a man's head.

"Uncle Abel, too, had some relish for the fine arts; in proof of which I might adduce the pleasure with which he gazed at the plates in his family Bible, the likeness whereof is neither

in heaven, nor on earth, nor under the earth. And he was also such an eminent musician, that he could go through the singing-book at one sitting, without the least fatigue, beating time like a windmill all the way.

"He had, too, a liberal hand, though his liberality was all by the rule of three. He did to his neighbor exactly as he would be done by; he loved some things in this world very sincerely: he loved his God much, but he honored and feared him more; he was exact with others, he was more exact with himself, and he expected his God to be more exact still.

"Every thing in Uncle Abel's house was in the same time, and place, and manner, and form from year's end to year's end. There was old Master Bose, a dog after my uncle's own heart, who always walked as if he were studying the multiplication table. There was the old clock, forever ticking in the kitchen corner, with a picture on its face of the sun forever setting behind a perpendicular row of poplar-trees. There was the never-failing supply of red peppers and onions hanging over the chimney. There, too, were the yearly holyhocks and morning-glories, blooming about the windows. There was the 'best room,' with its sanded floor, the cupboard in one corner, with its glass doors, the evergreen asparagus bushes in the chimney, and there was the stand, with the Bible and almanac on it, in another corner. There, too, was Aunt Betsey, who never looked any older, because she always looked as old as she could; who always dried her catnip and wormwood the last of September, and began to clean house the first of May. In short, this was the land of continuance. Old Time never took it into his head to practice either addition, or subtraction, or multiplication on its sum total.

"This Aunt Betsey aforementioned was the neatest and most efficient piece of human machinery that ever operated in forty places at once. She was always every-where, predominating over, and seeing to every thing; and though my uncle had been twice married, Aunt Betsey's rule and authority had never been broken. She reigned over his wives when living, and reigned after them when dead, and so seemed likely to reign on to the end of the chapter. But my uncle's latest wife left Aunt Betsey a much less tractable subject than ever before had fallen to her lot. Little Edward was the child of my uncle's old age, and a brighter, merrier little blossom never grew on the verge of an avalanche. He had been committed to the nursing of his grandmamma till he had arrived at the age of indiscretion, and then

my old uncle's heart so yearned for him that he was sent for home.

"His introduction into the family excited a terrible sensation. Never was there such a contemner of dignities, such a violator of high places and sanctities, as this very Master Edward. It was all in vain to try to teach him decorum. He was the most outrageously merry elf that ever shook a head of curls; and it was all the same to him whether it was '*Sabba' day*' or any other day, he laughed and frolicked with every body and every thing that came in his way, not even excepting his solemn old father; and when you saw him, with his fair arms around the old man's neck, and his bright blue eyes and blooming cheek pressing out beside the bleak face of Uncle Abel, you might fancy you saw spring caressing winter. Uncle Abel's metaphysics were sorely puzzled by this sparkling, dancing compound of spirit and matter; nor could he devise any method of bringing it into any reasonable shape, for he did mischief with an energy and perseverance that was truly astonishing. Once he scoured the floor with Aunt Betsey's very best Scotch snuff; once he washed up the hearth with Uncle Abel's most immaculate clothes-brush; and once he was found trying to make Bose wear his father's spectacles. In short, there was no use, except the right one, to which he did not put every thing that came in his way.

"But Uncle Abel was most of all puzzled to know what to do with him on the Sabbath, for on that day Master Edward seemed to exert himself to be particularly diligent and entertaining. 'Edward!—Edward must not play Sunday!' his father would call out; and then Edward would hold up his curly head, and look as grave as a catechism; but in three minutes you would see 'pussy' scampering through the 'best room,' with Edward at her heels, to the entire discomposure of all devotion in Aunt Betsey and all others in authority.

"At length my uncle came to the conclusion that 'it was n't in natur' to teach him any better,' and that 'he could no more keep Sunday than the brook down in the lot.' My poor uncle! he did not know what was the matter with his heart, but certain it was, he lost all faculty of scolding, when little Edward was in the case, and he would rub his spectacles a quarter of an hour longer than common, when Aunt Betsey was detailing his witticisms and clever doings.

"In process of time our hero had compassed his third year, and arrived at the dignity of going to school. He went illustriously through the spelling-book, and then attacked the catechism;

went from 'man's chief end' to the 'requirin's and forbiddin's' in a fortnight, and at last came home inordinately merry, to tell his father that he had got to 'amen.' After this he made a regular business of saying over the whole every Sunday evening, standing with his hands folded in front, and his checked apron folded down, occasionally glancing round to see if pussy gave proper attention. And, being of a practically-benevolent turn of mind, he made several commendable efforts to teach Bose the catechism, in which he succeeded as well as might be expected. In short, without further detail, Master Edward bade fair to become a literary wonder.

"But alas for poor little Edward! his merry dance was soon over. A day came when he sickened. Aunt Betsey tried her whole herb-arium, but in vain: he grew rapidly worse and worse. His father sickened in heart, but said nothing; he only staid by his bedside day and night, trying all means to save with affecting pertinacity.

"'Can't you think of any thing more, doctor?' said he to the physician, when all had been tried in vain.

"'Nothing,' answered the physician.

"A momentary convulsion passed over my uncle's face. 'The will of the Lord be done,' said he, almost with a groan of anguish.

"Just at that moment a ray of the setting sun pierced the checked curtains, and gleamed like an angel's smile across the face of the little sufferer. He woke from troubled sleep. 'O, dear! I am so sick!' he gasped, feebly. His father raised him in his arms; he breathed easier, and looked up with a grateful smile. Just then his old playmate, the cat, crossed the room. 'There goes pussy,' said he; 'O dear! I shall never play with pussy any more.'

"At that moment a deadly change passed over his face. He looked up in his father's face with an imploring expression, and put out his hand as if for help. There was one moment of agony, and then the sweet features all settled into a smile of peace, and 'mortality was swallowed up of life.'

"My uncle laid him down, and looked one moment at his beautiful face. It was too much for his principles, too much for his consistency, and 'he lifted up his voice and wept.'

"The next morning was the Sabbath—the funeral day—and it rose with 'breath all incense and with cheek all bloom.' Uncle Abel was as calm and collected as ever, but in his face there was a sorrow-stricken appearance touching to behold. I remember him at family prayers, as he bent over the great Bible and began the Psalm, 'Lord, thou

hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.' Apparently he was touched by the melancholy splendor of the poetry, for, after reading a few verses, he stopped. There was a dead silence, interrupted only by the tick of the clock. He cleared his voice repeatedly, and tried to go on, but in vain. He closed the book, and kneeled down to prayer. The energy of sorrow broke through his usual formal reverence, and his language flowed forth with a deep and sorrowful pathos which I shall never forget. The God so much revered, so much feared, seemed to draw near to him as a friend and comforter, his refuge and strength, 'a very present help in time of trouble.'

"My uncle rose, and I saw him walk to the room of the departed one. He uncovered the face. It was set with the seal of death, but, O, how surpassingly lovely! The brilliancy of life was gone, but that pure, transparent face was touched with a mysterious, triumphant brightness, which seemed like the dawning of heaven.

"My uncle looked long and earnestly. He felt the beauty of what he gazed on; his heart was softened, but he had no words for his feelings. He left the room unconsciously, and stood in the front door. The morning was bright; the bells were ringing for church; the birds were singing merrily, and the pet squirrel of little Edward was frolicking about the door. My uncle watched him as he ran first up one tree, and then down and up another, and then over the fence, whisking his brush, and chattering just as if nothing was the matter.

"With a deep sigh Uncle Abel broke forth: 'How happy that *creatur* is! Well, the Lord's will be done!'

"That day the dust was committed to dust, amid the lamentations of all who had known little Edward. Years have passed since then, and all that is mortal of my uncle has long since been gathered to his fathers, but his just and upright spirit has entered the glorious liberty of the sons of God. Yes, the good man may have had opinions which the philosophical scorn, weaknesses at which the thoughtless smile; but death shall change him into all that is enlightened, wise, and refined; for he shall awake in 'His' likeness, and be satisfied."

Some of our readers may have read the above; but they will find interest in its reperusal. To the greater portion, however, it will be new.

ELIZA, THE SLAVE MOTHER.

Eliza, the slave mother, concealed in a closet, overhears a conversation between Mr. and Mrs.

Shelby, and learns that her little son has been sold to the trader. The beauty and force of the graphic picture that follows must be felt and acknowledged:

"When the voices died into silence, she rose and crept stealthily away. Pale, shivering, with rigid features and compressed lips, she looked an entirely altered being from the soft and timid creature she had been hitherto. She moved cautiously along the entry, paused one moment at her mistress' door, raised her hands in mute appeal to Heaven, and then turned and glided into her own room. It was a quiet, neat apartment on the same floor with her mistress. There was the pleasant sunny window, where she had often sat singing at her sewing; there a little case of books, and various little fancy articles, ranged by them, the gifts of Christmas holidays; there was her simple wardrobe in the closet and in the drawers: here was, in short, her home; and, on the whole, a happy one it had been to her. But there, on the bed, lay her slumbering boy, his long curls falling negligently around his unconscious face, his rosy mouth half open, his little fat hands thrown out over the bed-clothes, and a smile spread like a sunbeam over his whole face.

"'Poor boy! poor fellow!' said Eliza; 'they have sold you! but your mother will save you yet!'

"No tear dropped over that pillow; in such straits as these the heart has no tears to give—it drops only blood, bleeding itself away in silence."

THE PASSAGE OF THE OHIO RIVER.

Somewhat in advance of her pursuers, Eliza reached a village on the bank of the Ohio. Here, to her dismay, she found the river swollen to a flood, and filled with floating ice. She had been but a short time in the village tavern when "the whole train of her pursuers swept by the window, round to the front door.

"A thousand lives seemed to be concentrated in that one moment to Eliza. Her room opened by a side door to the river. She caught her child, and sprang down the steps toward it. The trader caught a full glimpse of her, just as she was disappearing down the bank; and throwing himself from his horse, and calling loudly on Sam and Andy, he was after her like a hound after a deer. In that dizzy moment her feet to her scarce seemed to touch the ground, and a moment brought her to the water's edge. Right on behind they came; and, nerved with strength such as God gives only to the desperate, with one wild cry and flying leap, she vaulted sheer over the turbid current by the shore, on to the

raft of ice beyond. It was a desperate leap—impossible to any thing but madness and despair.

"The huge green fragment of ice on which she alighted pitched and creaked as her weight came on it, but she staid there not a moment. With wild cries and desperate energy she leaped to another and still another cake; stumbling—leaping—slipping—springing upward again! Her shoes are gone—her stockings cut from her feet—while blood marked every step; but she saw nothing, felt nothing, till dimly, as in a dream, she saw the Ohio side, and a man helping her up the bank."

ANOTHER SLAVE-MOTHER AND HER CHILD.

In contrast with the fortunate escape of Eliza is the sad fate of Lucy, another slave-mother. As the steamer, which bears Uncle Tom "down south," is passing down the Ohio, she touches at a Kentucky village. Haley lands, and the eye of Uncle Tom follows him up into the little place.

"After a time, he saw the trader returning, with an alert step, in company with a colored woman, bearing in her arms a young child. She was dressed quite respectably, and a colored man followed her, bringing along a small trunk. The woman came cheerfully onward, talking, as she came, with the man who bore her trunk, and so passed up the plank into the boat. The bell rung, the steamer whizzed, the engine groaned and coughed, and away swept the boat down the river.

"The woman walked forward among the boxes and bales of the lower deck, and, sitting down, busied herself with churring to her baby.

"Haley made a turn or two about the boat, and then, coming up, seated himself near her, and began saying something to her in an indifferent undertone.

"Tom soon noticed a heavy cloud passing over the woman's brow; and that she answered rapidly, and with great vehemence.

"'I do n't believe it—I won't believe it!' he heard her say. 'You're jist a foolin with me.'

"'If you won't believe it, look here!' said the man, drawing out a paper; 'this yer's the bill of sale, and there's your master's name to it; and I paid down good solid cash for it, too, I can tell you—so, now!'

"'I do n't believe Mas'r would cheat me so; it can't be true!' said the woman, with increasing agitation.

"'You can ask any of these men here, that can read writing. Here!' he said, to a man that was passing by, 'jist read this yer, won't you!'

This yer gal won't believe me, when I tell her what 't is.'

"'Why, it's a bill of sale, signed by John Fosdick,' said the man, 'making over to you the girl Lucy and her child. It's all straight enough, for aught I see.'

"The woman's passionate exclamations collected a crowd around her, and the trader briefly explained to them the cause of the agitation.

"'He told me that I was going down to Louisville, to hire out as cook to the same tavern where my husband works—that's what Mas'r told me, his own self; and I can't believe he'd lie to me,' said the woman.

"'But he has sold you, my poor woman, there's no doubt about it,' said a good-natured-looking man, who had been examining the papers; 'he has done it, and no mistake.'

"'Then it's no account talking,' said the woman, suddenly growing quite calm; and, clasping her child tighter in her arms, she sat down on her box, turned her back round, and gazed listlessly into the river.

"The woman looked calm, as the boat went on; and a beautiful soft summer breeze passed like a compassionate spirit over her head—the gentle breeze that never inquires whether the brow is dusky or fair that it fans. And she saw sunshine sparkling on the water, in golden ripples, and heard gay voices, full of ease and pleasure, talking around her every-where; but her heart lay as if a great stone had fallen on it. Her baby raised himself up against her, and stroked her cheeks with his little hands; and, springing up and down, crowing and chatting, seemed determined to arouse her. She strained him suddenly and tightly in her arms, and slowly one tear after another fell on his wondering, unconscious face; and gradually she seemed, and little by little, to grow calmer, and busied herself with tending and nursing him."

On the voyage the child, a boy of ten months, is sold to a passenger who lands at Louisville. When the boat touches the wharf, Lucy, leaving her child sleeping in the little bed she had provided for him, rushes to the side of the boat, if, perchance, she may catch a last glimpse of her husband among the crowd. While there the demon in human shape steals her child away; and the greatness of her new calamity is realized only after the boat is again in motion.

"'Lucy,' said the trader, 'your child's gone; you may as well know it first as last. You see, I know'd you could n't take him down south; and I got a chance to sell him to a first-rate family, that'll raise him better than you can.'

"But the woman did not scream. The shot had passed too straight and direct through the heart for cry or tear.

"Dizzily she sat down. Her slack hands fell lifeless by her side. Her eyes looked straight forward, but she saw nothing. All the noise and hum of the boat, the groaning of the machinery, mingled dreamily to her bewildered ear; and the poor, dumb-stricken heart had neither cry nor tear to show for its utter misery. She was quite calm."

The closing passage in this tragical episode is still more touchingly beautiful. With master pencil touches the calm stillness of the night, the mysterious utterances of the solemn stars, and the deep agony of a stricken, bleeding heart, are limned into one beautiful, touching picture:

"Night came on—night calm, unmoved, and glorious, shining down with her innumerable and solemn angel eyes, twinkling, beautiful, but silent. There was no speech nor language, no pitying voice or helping hand, from that distant sky. One after another, the voices of business or pleasure died away; all on the boat were sleeping, and the ripples at the prow were plainly heard. Tom stretched himself out on a box, and there, as he lay, he heard, ever and anon, a smothered sob or cry from the prostrate creature, 'O, what shall I do? O Lord! O, good Lord, do help me!' and so, ever and anon, till the murmur died away in silence.

"At midnight Tom waked with a sudden start. Something black passed quickly by him to the side of the boat, and he heard a splash in the water. No one else saw or heard any thing. He raised his head—the woman's place was vacant! He got up, and sought about him in vain. The poor bleeding heart was still, at last, and the river rippled and dimpled just as brightly as if it had not closed above it."

LITTLE EVA.

Little Eva is a picture of angel sweetness; and so beautifully has her portraiture been drawn, that poetry, and music, and painting have paid homage to the description:

"She was one of those busy, tripping creatures, that can be no more contained in one place than a sunbeam or a summer breeze—nor was she one that, once seen, could be easily, or at all even, forgotten.

"Her form was the perfection of childish beauty, without its usual chubbiness and squareness of outline. There was about it an undulating and aerial grace, such as one might dream of for some mythic and allegorical being. Her face was re-

markable less for its perfect beauty of feature than for a singular and dreamy earnestness of expression, which made the ideal start when they looked at her, and by which the dullest and most literal were impressed, without exactly knowing why. The shape of her head and the turn of her neck and bust was peculiarly noble, and the long golden-brown hair that floated like a cloud around it, the deep spiritual gravity of her violet blue eyes, shaded by heavy fringes of golden brown—all marked her out from other children, and made every one turn and look after her, as she glided hither and thither on the boat. Nevertheless, the little one was not what you would have called either a grave child or a sad one. On the contrary, an airy and innocent playfulness seemed to flicker like the shadow of summer leaves over her childish face, and around her buoyant figure. She was always in motion, always with a half smile on her rosy mouth, flying hither and thither, with an undulating and cloud-like tread, singing to herself as she moved as in a happy dream. Her father and female guardian were incessantly busy in pursuit of her, but, when caught, she melted from them again like a summer cloud; and as no word of chiding or reproof ever fell on her ear for whatever she chose to do, she pursued her own way all over the boat. Always dressed in white, she seemed to move like a shadow through all sorts of places, without contracting spot or stain; and there was not a corner or nook, above or below, where those fairy footsteps had not glided, and that visionary golden head, with its deep blue eyes, fledged along.

"The fireman, as he looked up from his sweaty toil, sometimes found those eyes looking wonderingly into the raging depths of the furnace, and fearfully and pityingly at him, as if she thought him in some dreadful danger. Anon the steersman at the wheel paused and smiled, as the picture-like head gleamed through the window of the round house, and in a moment was gone again. A thousand times a day rough voices blessed her, and smiles of unwonted softness stole over hard faces, as she passed; and when she tripped fearlessly over dangerous places, rough, sooty hands were stretched involuntarily out to save her, and smooth her path."

We have given the above as illustrations of the descriptive power of Mrs. Stowe. The work abounds with delineations drawn with equal delicacy and power. The characters of St. Clare and Miss Ophelia, of Legree and others, are drawn with that graphic power that would arrest the attention even if disconnected with the tale of which they form a part. We had marked many

of these passages; but our space will not allow us to multiply these illustrations.

We have, in these two papers, sought to represent fairly Mrs. Stowe's position among the literary women of America. It was in our province to view her in this light rather than in that of a "reformer" or "agitator;" and, therefore, we have not felt ourselves called upon to discuss at large her views and aims. Indeed, our space would not admit of such a discussion.

NEVER DESPAIR.

MANY of our readers have heard the anecdote of the cool composure and resignation of Sir Isaac Newton, when his little dog overturned a lamp, and burned up his papers, the fruits of many years' labor. But they may not be so familiar with a similar anecdote—since proved apocryphal—of Audubon, when his valuable collection of drawings had been destroyed by Norway rats.

Returning from Philadelphia after an absence of several months, absorbed in the delights of home, he failed to inquire the fate of a certain wooden box, which, before his departure, he had intrusted to the care of a relative, with the strictest injunctions as to its safety. At last, on interrogation, this treasure was produced, the dearly-prized deposit of all his drawings, more cherished than a casket of rarest jewels. It was opened, and what was Audubon's dismay to perceive the misfortune which had befallen it! A pair of Norway rats, having taken possession and appropriated it, had reared there a family. A few gnawed bits of paper were the only remains of what, a few months before, had been a thousand marvelous representations of the curious inhabitants of the air. The shock of such a calamity was too much even for the fortitude of Audubon. Like an electric stroke, it thrilled his whole nervous system, and for some time caused the entire prostration of his physical powers. A burning heat rushed through his brain on the discovery—the discovery of the entire wreck of the result of all his efforts and his patience. For nights he could not sleep, and days were passed with listless apathy, till at length invigoration of mind and frame gradually, under kindly influences, returned. He once again took up his pencils, his note-book, and his gun, and went forth to the woods. Then, consoling himself with the reflection that he could make much better drawings than before, he persevered untiringly for three whole years, till his portfolio was replenished.

SPRING WINDS.

BY AMANDA T. JONES.

THE spring winds wander deftly,
At work the livelong hours;
Shaking the green stems softly,
And coaxing out the flowers;
Drifting aside with laughter
The leaves so old and brown,
That sulky autumn's sobbing
Long since has shaken down;
Bringing spring's golden sunshine
To deck the wind flower's head,
And piling up green mosses
About the sun-dew's bed;
Brushing the rust of winter
From summer's golden lute,
Touching the strings in prelude
While her sweet voice is mute;
Spreading the fern's green mantle
Above the cowering forms
Of little bindweed blossoms,
That tremble at the storms;
Lifting the mandrake banner
Amid the floral band,
While nodding all around it
The smiling cowslips stand.
So the spring winds walk deftly,
At work the livelong hours;
Shaking the green stems softly,
And coaxing out the flowers.
Thus when the heart's dark winter,
With chilling breath, has gone,
Who would not be the zephyr
To hasten summer on?
When little words of kindness
Such thrills of joy confer,
Who would not set the heart-strings
With melody astir?
Spring wind at work so deftly
About the scented grove,
I'll con thy simple lesson,
And learn of thee to love.

COUNSEL.

BY ALICE CARY.

THE glance that doth thy neighbor doubt,
Turn thou, O man, within,
And see if it will not bring out
Some unsuspected sin.
To hide from shame the branded brow,
Make broad thy charity,
And judge no man, except as thou
Wouldst have him judge of thee.
For did thy face the colors take
Of sins thy nature hath,
Thou wouldst be checkered as the snake
Thou killest from thy path.
To plow and plant, and pray for fruits
To bless the toil, is ours;
Sometimes from out the thorniest shoots
God hangs the brightest flowers.

OF AULD LANG SYNE.

BY MRS. L. A. HOLDICH.

TRANQUIL as a pleasant dream, amid the shade of silver green poplars, for many years stood the little Methodist church at E. It had a thoughtful expression, and looked more like a Quaker than a Methodist temple. It did not seem a type of our animated religion, but rather of that form of worship where the divine Spirit is silently invoked.

For many years it was in a circuit, and Mr. M—, who lived in the neat and handsome house beside it, with the cedars in front and the vines over the porch, at this time held the relation of a local preacher. He had been in the itinerancy, and was subsequently readmitted into conference as a supernumerary. He regularly officiated himself on Sunday mornings after the church became a station, and when there was a young minister there he always had the pastoral charge. From these facts originated the name of "Mr. M—'s Church;" for the people were much inclined to adopt the religious phraseologies there prevalent.

Mr. M—'s house stood upon a slight elevation by the roadside. They tell me that the turf is now leveled, the trees destroyed, and, consequently, the whole aspect of the place changed. The march of improvement has ruined it. Is it not painful to think that all that is graceful and beautiful in nature is to fall before the lust of sordid pelf? Surely I thought so when I passed up the Hudson a short time since, and saw how a little gem of a cottage, in which we had passed pleasant hours, was becoming entirely changed. It had fallen into the hands of one who was blowing up those fine rocks, against which the river dashed and made sweet music, in order to make Russ pavements in the streets of New York. The owner is a rich man, but he could not resist the sacrifice of his household gods for money. Ah! for those who love riches so much better than nature, this earth is indeed but "a place for producing corn; and the starry heaven only admirable as a nautical time-keeper!" But this is a digression.

Mr. M— was a person of vigorous mind and marked character. He had been a soldier of the Revolution, and it was said that traits of the military officer and commander were sometimes apparent in his intercourse with his family and congregation. He was a handsome old gentleman, with a fine florid complexion, and dignified demeanor. At home he often wore a black velvet cap, which we thought became him better than

his Sunday wig. He drove out on pleasant afternoons with a sleek, substantial, grave-looking horse, and a carriage and harness that glittered as brightly as his windows and knocker. The stamp of perfect order and neatness was set upon all with which he had to do. His handwriting was beautiful—a perfect test of his character. And at this distance of time, when those of whom we speak have passed away, it may not be improper to say that his house was guided by one whose taste was, in this respect, similar to his own. A very model of "female handicraft" and perfect housekeeping must she have been. The flavor of her tea, the delicate beauty of her bread and butter, and the elegant order of her domestic arrangements, are still extolled by one who was a member of her family, and who learned, unfortunately for the less competent, to make her his ideal of a perfect housewife. Often have we heard the deprecatory supplication addressed to him by those who had less tact and experience in domestic affairs, "O, place me in contrast with a less perfect one than Mrs. M—!"

The Fourth of July was generally observed with much eclat in the Presbyterian church at E., and at one time its pastor, who loved and respected Mr. M—, nominated him for the orator of the occasion. There was fitness in this selection, as the old gentleman had wielded carnal weapons during the war as bravely as he had fought with spiritual ones afterward. He bore the scars of wounds received in the Revolution; he kindled at the mention of the war; he knew Washington, and, like all who served under him, pronounced him the handsomest man, as well as the greatest general of modern times. Mr. M— accepted the office. Many wondered how he would fill it. A crowd collected to hear the Methodist minister. We had been used to a great deal of flummery, mock patriotism, and empty declamation at such times. We knew that we should have nothing of this from Mr. M—. Nor had we. He was simple, earnest, direct. He had a story to tell, and he told it. The motto of his sermon—for it could hardly be called a text—I have quite forgotten. Its scope was to show the justifying causes of the Revolution, and the immediate agency of Providence in giving it success. In doing so he took a survey of the oppressed state of the colonies by the mother country, and of our hopeless condition at the commencement of the war. We were without human resources; no well-trained armies were ours, no practiced officers, no munitions of war, no funds to pay our expenses. And we warred against an enemy amply provided with all these. Our irregular, half-clad,

untrained troops were to meet the flower of the British army, as well as hired forces. In the course of his address he related, in a chaste and graphic manner, two or three striking proofs of a Divine interposition. Then he noticed the blessings which had flowed from the establishment of our independence—civil and religious liberty, unprecedented advancement in our national and social institutions, and, above all, great improvement in religion. Here he was unusually interesting. He went over ground that had not been often trodden. In treating the last topic he alluded to numerous and powerful revivals of religion which had taken place in different Churches immediately after the war. When he spoke of these a lady in the congregation smiled. Mr. M——'s quick eye perceived this and he promptly remarked :

"I see a smile on some face in the congregation at the mention of the outpouring of God's Spirit. If it be a smile of pleasure and satisfaction, I can only say smile on; but if it be a smile of scorn, beware lest that come upon you which the prophet spoke of when he said, 'Behold, ye despisers, and wonder and perish; for I work a work in your days; a work which ye shall in no wise believe, though a man declare it unto you.'"

Burke's eloquence never controlled the muscles of a face more quickly than did this impromptu reproof of the venerable minister.

He has long since gone from us; but it is pleasant to think that his name and office are continued in the person of his son, a worthy minister in the N. conference.

Previously to the Fourth of July oration the little Methodist church had become better known. It had been made a station, and the pulpit had been filled by one who, though he is now a veteran in the Church, was then in the spring-time of a beautiful youth. His appearance, his earnestness, and eloquence drew large congregations. Some thought him like Summerfield. Possibly his intimacy with that noble spirit had a tendency to form his manner as well as mold his character. After he came the hitherto neglected church was densely crowded. Episcopalians flocked to it, and a few straggling Presbyterians. Of the latter, none ever went from their day-worship, but some did venture to steal past the session-house in a stealthy way on the Sabbath evening. Our doctrines were faithfully preached, and many were surprised to find how they had misapprehended them. Methodism appeared endowed with new life. It began to do its genuine work. The word of the Lord entered many hearts, and valuable members were added to the Church.

That young pastor has filled a variety of prominent appointments since, but I think he must still retain a sweet remembrance of his earliest station. There he was useful and greatly beloved. With prudence, humility, and Christian dignity, he passed through a trying ordeal, unscathed and uninjured by the blandishments of flattery, ever "an example in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity."

He lent my friend Anna books, which we read together. They opened up a new world of spiritual conflicts and victories before us. We saw the ideal of Bunyan realized; the noblest elements of Christianity exhibited in the every-day life of the "Heroes of Methodism."

"That dear Mrs. Fletcher!" writes Anna. "You remember when we first read her life together in the low and old-fashioned parlor by the wood-fire in the Franklin stove. That was a fireside picture truly. I think I can see it all now; the little round stand, the tall candles in the high candlesticks, and my sainted mother, not far behind Mrs. Fletcher herself in piety, with her knitting-work in the corner. Such a remembrance is worth a hundred gas-lighted, furnace-heated rooms. The snow dashed against the window, and the wind howled fearfully, but I was glad of it, because you would have to stay all night, and we could finish the book. How animating we found the detail of Mary Fletcher's religious experience! What unswerving faith! What glowing love! What a sanctified imagination was hers! Then her beautiful dreams! how sweet they were! It was as if heaven were really opened before her. Do you remember how we cried over her husband's sublime death, 'the heavenly Fletcher of Madely,' as Southey might well name him? Such a departure as his should not be called death, but the melting into spiritual life. You said—for you were full of poetry in those days—that it made you think of those quaint and tender lines in the Percy Reliques:

'The messenger of God
With golden trump I see;
With many other angels more
That call and sound for me.
In love as we have lived,
In love let me depart,
And I, in token of my love,
Do kiss you with my heart.'

I think the religious biography we read at that time did us good. I believe the germ of a higher Christianity than we had previously known was sown in both our hearts by such noble examples. Would that it had expanded to more perfect maturity!

"We wondered at the simple faith of the excellent Bramwell, which made him so willing to do his Master's work in the way of labor and self-denial, winged his prayers, and rendered his death glorious. His soul appeared like 'the little white flower,' which Edwards describes, 'as we see it in the spring of the year, low and humble on the ground, opening its bosom to receive the pleasant beams of the sun's glory, rejoicing as it were in a calm rapture, diffusing around a sweet fragrance, standing peacefully and lovingly amid the flowers round about.' We learned that the Christian's trust in the Savior might be more than a quivering, uncertain hope—that it could be a perfect surety founded upon the promises of God's word. That winter, too, we read Southey's *Life of Wesley*. It has been matter of complaint that his biographer has been unjust to Wesley. He certainly did not enter into his spiritual life; but no one can read the book without pronouncing his subject a marvelous man—the giant of his age. We did not love him as well as Fletcher, but we felt that he was one to whom the world owes a mighty debt, and we gave him the place, in our estimation, which had not been filled since the hours of our childhood—Henry IV and Francis I had been displaced from their pedestals. And how we used to talk over his incomparable mother,

'That noble type of good
Heroic womanhood,'

and her remarkable daughters! Many a time have we, in imagination, wandered over the old timber and plaster house at Epworth, and seen that gifted family before us,

'With feet that made no sound upon the floor.'

And we have gone through the old church-yard amid the moss-covered stones, and at length seated ourselves upon that one where Wesley stood and preached. No velvet path did his noble mother tread. Many who suffered less than she have received from posterity the palm-branch and the martyr's crown. But her every step was illumined from above, and in quiet self-sacrifice, amid poverty, illness, and privation, she was doing a glorious work for which we should all arise and call her blessed."

From the days of which we speak Methodism has grown and spread in E. It has scores where it formerly numbered one. It has taken its place beside other Churches. Its house of worship looks out upon a busy thoroughfare. Its retired character is gone, and it is doing its part well in the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom.

A thing of the past is the little, unknown, out-

of-the-way church. The cedars and poplars that grew by it are felled and removed. But should we visit the spot where it stood in our youthful days, the shadows of former times would linger round it, and the memory of words we had there heard would come back to our mind with touching power. Those words have not perished; they will remain our own forever. There we heard the lamented Cookman preach sermons full of beauty, eloquence, and power, and the elder Sargent present the vital truths of the Gospel in his own luminous and impressive manner, with many others who have entered into the joy of their Lord and see "the unutterable daylight of heaven."

When one was dying a short time since he said to his sorrowing friends, "You know that there can be no real separation between us." With similar feelings we may think of those who have outrun us in our pilgrimage and entered the heavenly Jerusalem. No, there can be no "real separation." The land is not afar off. We stand upon the borders of the flood over which they have passed. O! that while waiting thus we may, through the grace of God, be able in posture and feeling to verify the beautiful image of the poet, who speaks of the Christian as standing,

"With only one thin door between
This and the outer world serene,
Waiting to take that one step more
When opens the celestial door,
And then, with sudden splendor blind,
Hear the great portals close behind."

CHIDED AND COMFORTED.

BY HANNAH J. HURLBURT.

THE silvery waves that come from the sea,
The winds of the south, and the birds in the tree,
All tell most wonderful stories to me—
Beautiful, troublesome stories these days—
And only the love in their voices allays
The mystery and yearning they kindle in me—
Those birds, and those winds, and those waves of the sea!

The delicate weeds that color the sea,
The mosses and grasses that unnoticed be,
Show a grace and perfection that mortify me—
Completeness of outline and fineness of touch;
Yet the tenderness, peace of their motions is such,
That they soothe the discouraged ideal in me—
Those mosses, and grasses, and weeds of the sea.

The glorious ebb and flow of the sea,
The stars that melodiously enter and flee,
Have a solemn, unspeakable influence o'er me;
My soul from my body seems floating away,
And only their patience and service for aye,
To my small, drudging life can reconcile me—
Those stars of the heaven—that soul of the sea!

THE IMPRISONED MIND.

BY IMOGEN MERCEIN.

"There's a life within a life
Which never greets the eye of sense;
Its hopes and fears, its joy and strife,
Are life indeed, are life intense."

THE bliss of solitude has been sung through every age, in every land, where cultivation has produced thought, and thought has found free expression in words. The heart pierced with sorrow and yielding to misanthropy exclaims, "O for a lodge in some vast wilderness!" Christianity modifies this sentiment, and in softened tones whispers, "O that I had wings like a dove, then would I flee away and be at rest!"

Mental improvement and spiritual strength both demand seclusion ere their full power can be manifested in any arena of public action; and this truth is felt by the Christian heart beyond all others, from the great Exemplar, who "spent all night in prayer," to the feeblest saint who lingers with trembling hope before the mercy-seat. But *solitude* is not *imprisonment*. Seclusion, in its sweetness, is not coerced and long protracted. The hermit feels a voluntary power—the cloistered monk has chosen his retreat; and even these have nature's loveliness as the sympathetic bond to brighten or interrupt the dull monotony of life.

But imprisonment! solitary imprisonment! in a dark, cheerless dungeon—protracted through days, weeks, months, years! What language can describe its sorrows, what tongue give utterance to its accumulated anguish? Hundreds, nay, thousands of our fellow-beings have thus suffered. In the full flush of young and happy life, or in the rich maturity of mental and moral power, many of them the noblest specimens of sanctified humanity, have been suddenly, by a tyrant's decree, torn from the exciting career of public life, from the full exercise of every faculty, from the fond circle of pure, domestic love, from all that makes life desirable or happy, and thrust into a gloomy prison—every thing calculated to sustain the mind withheld—every avenue of physical enjoyment barred—every thing opposed to it—stone walls to meet the artistic eye—the clanking of chains falling on the ear attuned to sweetest melody—the coarsest fare for palates educated to fastidious tastes, and, alas! far more than this, the heart's untold agony meeting no response through weary days and restless nights. "Alone, alone!" the aching head and throbbing heart beat in unison of woe, or sink exhausted in the agonizing struggle.

We know but little of the secrets of these dark prison-houses of tyranny. But few come forth to tell the tale, fewer still have power to analyze and describe the varied phases of a life like that, and prove to us the power of mind to overcome every obstacle, and proclaim its freedom amid all the impediments of earthly restraints. But there are a few, and to those who find pleasure in studying the developments of mind in peculiar circumstances, they possess a marked and solemn interest.

We dwell for a moment on the host of martyred worthies, but their imprisonment was short; and in full view of a speedy and violent death, all the faculties of heart and mind were centered in the one grand religious point; and amid the full consolations which, unquestionably unbounded, they had neither time nor wish to analyze, philosophize, or explain.

We do not deem their trial the severest that human nature can meet and sustain.

There are periods in every Christian's life when it would be far easier to *die* than to *live*—when the weary soul would bound with joy, to see the pearly gates unfolding, and hear the long-wished-for summons, "Enter ye into the joy of your Lord." But *to live*, amid conflict and bereavement—*to live*, when every joy has faded, and every hope has perished—*to live*, when the "whole heart is sick, and the whole head is faint"—*to live* in a prison with scarce a hope of rescue, and then and there to sound a note of triumph—to sing of peace, of joy, of perfect submission to God's will—we deem *this* the highest moral point that redeemed humanity can reach, till the fetters of mortality are broken.

We know that these triumphant ones have passed through a severe ordeal ere that note of victory was sounded; that all that is human in its fallen aspects must have been crucified and slain; that even the gold that remained was purified in the "furnace seven times heated;" for "God is faithful," and doth not permit his beloved "to be tempted above that they are able to bear." But we hear—in general—but little of the preparatory process, and the sublime result bursts upon us in solitary grandeur, like the pyramids in the Egyptian desert appear to the wondering traveler, who stands amid the wreck and ruin of the fairest temples wrought by human skill—they alone bearing the aspect of immutability and strength. Amid this heroic band the names of Madame Guion and her devoted maid-servant stand very prominent—the one, strong in intellect, of powerful imagination, refined and cultivated tastes, high social position, great wealth, and warm affections; the other, with clear intellect, but of lim-

ited education and lowly position ; but both united by the holiest friendship and the most entire consecration to God's service. From the prison of Vincennes Madame Guion speaks ; and though we learn in childhood that the philosopher's stone, which transmutes all things into gold, is but a fable, we learn from her, how the glow of Christian love and faith can make the dark stones of a prison-wall flash even as the emerald and amethyst with light and beauty—and with a deeper thrill than was ever awakened by the Swedish Nightingale's sweetest song, we listen to the united voices of mistress and maid as in their solitude and earthly desolation they sing, "A little bird am I," etc. From the Bastille a feeble voice is heard, and the four years' solitary imprisonment is left to the imagination to depict. We know she came forth broken in health but strong in faith and hope.

And would we learn the full power of the religion of Jesus to sustain and comfort that human heart, which, cut off from earthly prop, looks to him alone, let them read the letter of La Ganture to her brother from the prison of Vincennes, where she died, and the moral sublimity of a trust like that will refute a thousand arguments, such as rationalism or infidelity can bring.

"Lay that poor body in the dust ;
That worn-out garment cast aside ;
What then ! what then ? The chains are burst !
The heavenly gates are open wide !
That Hidden life, no longer hid,
Stands out against a cloudless sky ;
Pain, sin, and death, for aye forbid
To shade its immortality."

But our interest has been deeply excited by another phase of character in prison life, where the Christian life was mingled with, but was not strong enough to overcome the natural struggle—where the conflict, the mental, moral, and physical anguish are vividly described by the sufferer, who combined patriotism, philosophy, religion, and the warmest social feelings, with a power of analysis but rarely possessed.

Silvio Pellico, an Italian gentleman of rank and education, was arrested by the order of the Austrian Government on the charge of rebellion against the Emperor. We can not describe the state of Italy at that time, and must presume our readers are aware of the arrangements made by Napoleon and the allied powers, by which it was divided and assigned to different governors, without the slightest reference to the rights or wishes of the people. Efforts were made at various times by high-minded citizens to cast off these foreign yokes ; and every such effort, if it failed, was

deemed rebellion of the deepest dye, and death or imprisonment was the sure reward. One of these noble failures involved Silvio Pellico in the charge of treason. He thus writes : "On Friday, the 15th of October, 1820, I was arrested at Milan and conveyed to the prison of Santa Marghenta. The hour was three in the afternoon. I underwent a long examination, which occupied the whole of several days, but of this I shall say nothing. My chamber was on the ground floor and overlooked the court-yard. Dungeons here, dungeons there, to the right, to the left, above, below, and opposite, every-where met my eye. I leaned against the window, listened to the passing and repassing of the jailers, and the wild song of a number of the unhappy inmates. Yesterday I thought myself one of the happiest of men ; to-day every pleasure, the least flower that strewed my path, has disappeared. Liberty, social converse, the face of my fellow-men, nay, hope itself hath fled. I feel it would be folly to flatter myself ; I shall not go hence except to be thrown into still more horrible receptacles of sorrow ; perhaps bound into the hands of the executioner. Well, well, the day after my death it will be all one as if I had yielded my spirit in a palace and been conveyed to the tomb, accompanied with all the pageantry of empty honors. It was thus by reflecting on the sweeping speed of time, that I bore up against passing misfortunes. Alas ! this did not prevent the forms of my father and mother, two brothers, two sisters, and one other family I had learned to love as though it were my own, from all whom I was doubtless forever cut off, from crossing my mind and rendering all my philosophical reasoning of no avail. I was unable to resist the thought, and I wept even as a child."

We give the following to describe the man, that we may measure his capability of suffering : "Three months previous to this I was at Turin, where, after a long separation, I saw my parents, one of my brothers, and two sisters. We had always been an attached family ; no son had ever been more deeply indebted to a father and mother than I ; I remember I was affected at beholding a greater alteration in their looks, the progress of age, than I had expected. I indulged a secret wish to part from them no more, and soothe the pillow of departing age by the grateful care of a beloved son. How it vexed me, too, I remember, during the few days I passed with them, to be compelled by other duties to spend so much of the day from home—yes, and I remember now what my mother said one day, with an expression of sorrow, when I went out—'Ah ! our Silvio has

not come to Turin to see us.' The morning of my departure for Milan was truly a painful one. My poor father accompanied me about a mile on my way; and on leaving me I more than once turned to look on him, and weeping kissed the ring my mother had just given me; nor did I ever before quit my family with a feeling of such painful presentiment. I am not superstitious, but I was astonished at my own weakness, and I more than once exclaimed in a tone of terror, 'Good God, whence comes this strange anxiety and alarm!' and with a sort of inward vision my mind seemed to behold the approach of some great calamity. Even yet in prison I retain the impression of that sudden dread and anguish—the tender reproach of my mother, 'ah! Silvio has not come to Turin to see us,' seemed to hang like a weight upon my mind. I regretted a thousand instances in which I might have shown myself more grateful and agreeable to them. In utter solitude thoughts like these pierced me to the soul. To awake the first night in a prison is a terrible thing. Is it possible, I murmured, trying to collect my thoughts—is it possible I am here? is not all that passed a dream? Did they really seize me yesterday? Was it I whom they examined from morning till night, who am doomed to the same process day after day, and who wept so bitterly last night when I thought of my dear parents? Slumber, the unbroken silence, and rest had, in restoring my mental powers, added incalculably to the capability of reflection, and, consequently, of grief. There was nothing to distract my attention; my fancy grew busy with absent forms, and pictured to my eye the terror of my father and mother, and of all dear to me, on first hearing the tidings of my arrest. Who, who will give them strength to bear it? Some inward voice whispered me, He to whom the afflicted look up, love, and acknowledge in their hearts; who enabled a mother to follow her son to the mount of Golgotha, and to stand under his cross; He, the friend of the unhappy—the friend of man. Strange that this should be the first time I truly felt the power of religion in my heart; and to filial love did I owe this consolation. Though not ill-disposed I had hitherto been but little impressed with its truth and had not well adhered to it. All commonplace objections I estimated at their just value; yet there were many doubts and sophisms which had shaken my faith. It was long, indeed, since they had ceased to trouble my belief in the existence of the Deity; and persuaded of this it follows necessarily, as part of his eternal justice, that there must be another life for man, who suffers so unjustly here, etc.; yet

notwithstanding such had, for years, been my opinion, I had failed to draw the conclusion, then be a Christian. In prison I finally determined to admit this conclusion, and I admitted it. I adhered firmly to this resolution as time advanced; but the consideration of it was begun the night of my captivity."

After the public examinations were over, and he had nothing to break the solitude of his prison, his active mind again turned inward to measure its resources and its strength. He thus writes: "I had permission to retain a Bible and my Dante; the governor also placed his library at my disposal, consisting of some romances and worse books still; but my mind was too deeply agitated to apply to any kind of reading whatever. Every day, indeed, I committed a canto of Dante to memory, an exercise so nearly mechanical that I thought more of my own affairs than the lines during their acquisition. The same sort of abstraction attended my perusal of other things, except occasionally a few passages of Scripture. I had always felt attached to this divine production, even when I had not believed myself one of its avowed followers. I now studied it with far greater respect than before; yet my mind was often almost involuntarily bent upon other matters, and I knew not what I read. By degrees I surmounted this difficulty, and was able to reflect on its great truths with higher relish than I had ever before done. Christianity, instead of militating against any thing good which I had derived from philosophy, strengthened it by the aid of logical deductions at once more powerful and profound. Reading one day that it was necessary to 'pray without ceasing,' and that prayer did not consist in many words, but in making every thought and word accord with the will of God, I determined to commence with earnestness, and to pray in the spirit with unceasing effort; this habitual observance of prayer, and the reflection that God is omnipresent as well as omnipotent to save, began ere long to deprive solitude of its horrors, and I often repeated, 'Have I not the best society man can have?' and from this period I grew more cheerful; I even sang and whistled in the new joy of my heart."

Thus the Christian and the philosopher reasoned and triumphed; but after a most affecting interview with his father, which Silvio—though not the father—felt would be the last, nature again prevailed. He says: "I thought that solitude would now be a relief to me; that to weep would somewhat ease my burdened heart; yet strange to say I could not shed a tear. The extreme wretchedness of feeling this inability to shed a

single tear under some of the heaviest calamities is the severest trial of all, and I have often experienced it. An acute fever, attended by severe pains in my head, followed this interview."

He had one other with his father, which was followed by a most violent illness. "I had nothing now to do but to resign myself to all the horrors of long captivity, and to the sentence of death. But to prepare myself to bear the idea of the immense load of suffering that must fall on every dear member of my family on learning my lot, was beyond my power. It haunted me like a spirit, and to fly from it I threw myself upon my knees and prayed aloud. For a period of some days a sort of calm sorrow, full of peace and religious thoughts, filled my mind—then a sense of weariness and apathy succeeded," etc.

A state trial, which would reverse or confirm his bitter sentence, was now before him. It was harassing in the extreme, and hope died during its progress. "I lost the tranquillity of mind I had acquired at Milan. I could not pray; I questioned the justice of God; I cursed mankind and all the world, revolving in my mind all the sophisms and satires I could think of, respecting the hollowness and vanity of virtue. In this state I was accustomed to sing—any thing but hymns—with a kind of mad, ferocious joy; I spoke to all who approached my dungeon jeering and bitter words. This degrading period, on which I hate to reflect, lasted only for six or seven days, during which my Bible had become covered with dust."

A little incident led him again to his neglected book. "I placed the Bible on a chair, and falling on my knees I burst into tears of remorse: I who had ever found it so difficult to shed even a tear. These tears were far more delightful to me than any physical enjoyment I had ever felt. I felt I was restored to God, I loved him, I repented of having outraged religion by degrading myself, and I made a vow never, never more to forget, to separate myself from my God."

Time rolled on, and the solitude was rarely broken. In 1822 the final sentence was pronounced. Hard imprisonment for fifteen years—that meant a miserable dungeon, chains on the limbs, boards to sleep on, the poorest fare, and perfect solitude.

Pellico describes his various efforts to study and to write. One day we see the philosopher and student, another the Christian struggling for full submission, and sometimes the natural man only in fearful agonies of body and of mind. Burning beneath the solar rays, stung with gnats by night and by day, which induced fever with its parching thirst, without hope or comfort of any kind, who

wonders that human nature succumbed beneath such heavy pressure! Visions of his home, of his father and mother, haunted his sleep, and he awoke to find them dreams. After several years his intimate friend, Maroncelli, was permitted to share his dungeon. This was joy inexpressible. He says: "Maroncelli and I were admirably suited to each other. The courage of the one sustained the other; if one become violent, the other soothed him; if buried in grief or gloom, he sought to arouse him," etc. "So long as we had books we found them a delightful relief, not only by reading, but by committing them to memory. We also examined, compared, criticised, and collated, etc. We read and reflected a great part of the day in silence, and reserved the feast of conversation for the hours of dinner, for our walks, and the evenings.

"While in his subterranean abode Maroncelli had composed a great variety of poems of high merit. He recited them and produced others; many of these I committed to memory. It is astonishing with what facility I was enabled by this exercise to repeat very extensive compositions, to give them additional polish, and to bring them to the highest possible perfection of which they were susceptible, even had I written them down with the utmost care. Maroncelli did the same, and, by degrees, retained by heart many thousand verses and epics of different kinds. It was thus, too, I composed the tragedy of Leonero da Dertona, and various other works. Even this degree of happiness was soon lessened. The increasing rigor of our prison discipline rendered our lives one unvaried scene. The whole of 1824, 1825, 1826, and 1827 presented the same dull, dark aspect; and how we lived through years like these is wonderful. *We were forbidden the use of books.* The prison was one immense tomb, though without the peace and unconsciousness of death. All human consolations were one by one fast deserting us, and our sufferings still increased. I resigned myself to the will of God, but my spirit groaned. It seemed as if my mind, instead of becoming inured to evil, grew more keenly susceptible of pain."

Bodily sufferings increased to both, and misery of every kind is graphically described by this refined and sensitive spirit, till the sympathies of the reader are excited to a degree of similar pain. Death was now anticipated with strong desire, and who can wonder? Heaven was before them, and they longed to enter the land of rest and freedom. Ten years had elapsed since Silvio Pellico was arrested. Eight years and a half had been spent in hard imprisonment. In this dark hour of woe,

in which not one ray of light was shining, without any previous notice, *their release* was announced to them.

The suddenness of the notice, their wretched health, their utter ignorance of their relatives, whether living or dead, prevented all transports of joy. Such feelings are briefly narrated, as though words were powerless for their expression—the journey to Italy, the familiar scenes, the dismissal of the guards, the new sensation of liberty, the Christian gratitude, then the fear, as he arrived near home. A letter was placed in his trembling hand. It was from his father. "O what joy to behold that handwriting once more! what joy to learn that the best of mothers was yet alive! that my two brothers were alive, and my eldest sister! Alas! my young and gentle Manetha, who had immured herself in the convent of the Visitazione, had been dead upward of nine months. The happy day, the 17th of September, dawned at last. We pursued our journey; and how slow we appeared to travel—it was evening before we arrived at Turin. Who would attempt to describe the consolation I felt; the nameless feelings of delight, when I found myself in the embraces of my father, my mother, and my two brothers! My dear sister Giuseppina was not there with them; she was fulfilling her duties at Chieri; but on hearing of my felicity she hastened to stay a few days with our family to make it complete. Restored to these five long-sighed-for and beloved objects of my tenderness, I was and still am one of the most enviable of men. And now, for all my past misfortunes and sufferings, as well as for all the good or evil yet reserved for me, may the *providence of God be blessed*; of God who renders all men and all things, however opposite the intentions of the actors, the wonderful instruments which he directs to the greatest and best of purposes!"

Here his own descriptions end; but we learn from another source that these calamities so permanently affected his health and spirits, that he never became equal to public life, but passed his remaining years amid scenes of domestic love and quiet.

TEMPER.

THE high-tempered are generally highly gifted. They are spirited, plausible, sagacious, intellectual, and need only the best of gifts, modesty, patience, and self-control. Not that their light should burn faintly and feebly like the taper, but that they should not go off with the explosive brilliancy of the rocket.

GEMS, STARS, AND FLOWERS.

BY H. G. ADAMS.

EVER with the poets has there been a kind of natural association between the flowerets that twinkle amid the meadow-grass and flash out from the shady woodlands, and those "lesser lights" that over-spangle the ebon vault of night. Passages out of number might be quoted having reference to this association of thought—these refulgences celestial and terrestrial; and as many, perhaps, which refer to flowers as gems and jewels of earth. Thus the old pastoral poet, William Browne, describes a bevy of maidens gathering flowers, as engaged

"In plucking off the gems from Tellus's hair."

And if we pass over a multitude of intermediate poets, and come at once to our own day, we find a songstress singing of buttercups and daisies as

"Nature's gold and silver."

We can scarcely read Byron's magnificent stanza, beginning—

"Ye stars, which are the poetry of heaven,"

without adding to the first line the paraphrase of a later poet—

"Ye flowers, which are the poetry of earth."

Then, too, who does not remember and admire that exquisite simile of Barry Cornwall—

"The frail snow-drop,
Born of the breath of winter, and on his brow
Fix'd like a pale and solitary star?"

If we look, with Robert Montgomery, into the heavens at night, we shall see how

"The vast concave blossoms out in stars."

So again, in the lines of the German poet, Rumpach, we have stars, gems, and flowers, together—

"The stars show fairly in the darkest night;
The gem-like flowers, the carpet of the sky."

This, however, savors rather too much of upholstery work to suit our taste. The following couplet, by Dr. Darwin, is better; and is none the less poetical for conveying a good moral. Addressing the stars, he writes—

"Flowers of the sky, ye too to time must yield,
Frail as your silken sisters of the field."

In a powerful dramatic sketch by Constantia Reddell, we find the moon introduced into the floral constellations:

"The moon
Lay like the lily of the heavens, placed
In light amid the locks of darkness."

Let us now step for a moment into that eastern land, where they talk in flowers. We shall there find the poet, Firdusi, describing a night scene in these terms :

"The bright sun sank down into the ocean;
The black night followed in haste;
The stars came forth like flowers, and heaven was like
a garden."

And now let us listen to N. P. Willis, as he speaks of—

"Mild Sirius, touch'd with dewly violet,
Set like a flower upon the breast of Eve."

Or to look, with Longfellow, with a reverent eye upon the beauties of creation; and, as we think upon the saying of Goethe, that

"Flowers are the stars of the earth,"

exclaim—

"Spoke full well, in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he cull'd the flowers, so blue and golden,
Stars that in earth's firmament do shine.

Stars they are, wherein we read our history,
As astrologers and seers of old,
Yet not wrapp'd round about with awful mystery,
Like the burning stars which they beheld."

But none have sung more sweetly, or more powerfully, of floral subjects, than has Horace Smith. Hear how he opens his "Hymn to the Flowers:"

"Day-stars! that ope your eyes with man to twinkle,
From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,
And dew-drops on her lovely altars sprinkle
As a libation:
Ye matin-worshippers! who, bending lowly
Before the uprisen sun, God's lidless eye,
Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy
Incense on high."

In conclusion, let us quote an extract from a volume of "Time's Telescope," in which the various heavenly bodies have their prototypes assigned in the earthly constellations:

"During the evenings of the spring and summer months, as the gentle twilight steals on the earth, the eyes may be elevated from the carpet to the canopy of nature, and, as the gathering shades prevail, alternately admire the clustering hyacinth and the retiring Pleiades; the tufted primrose and the advancing Arcturus; the tender violet, whose fragrance indicates its lowly bed, and the soft azure of the evening sky. As the season advances, and other flowers spring from the earth, and other stars gain on the heavens, we may hail the opening bud of the rose, and the bright star in the hand of the Virgin; the glowing poppy, and the red star Antares; the graceful lily and its varieties, and Gemma in the Northern

Crown; while the gay and infinitely diversified aster tribe is connected with the return of the splendid train of Taurus, Orion, and their bright companions. Thus are these pleasing demonstrations of the divine Being, which indicate so much tenderness and love, so associated with the magnificent display of creative power, that the mind can not fail to perceive the same wisdom manifested, whether in the germination of a seed, and the unfolding of a flower, or in the rolling of an orb, and the support of a system.

"All acts to Him are equal, for no more
It costs Omnipotence to build a world,
And set a sun amidst the firmament,
Than mold a dew-drop, and light up its gem."

CAROLINE AND HER CANARY-BIRD.

A SMALL girl, named Caroline, had a most lovely canary-bird. The little creature sung from morning till night, and was very beautiful. Its color was yellow, with a black head. And Caroline gave him seed and cabbage to eat, and occasionally a small piece of sugar, and every day fresh clean water to drink.

But suddenly the bird began to be mournful, and one morning, when Caroline brought him his water, he lay dead in the cage.

And she raised a loud lamentation over the favorite animal, and wept bitterly. But the mother of the girl went and purchased another, which was more beautiful than the first in color, and just as lovely in its song, and put it in the cage.

But the child wept louder than ever when she saw the new bird.

And the mother was greatly astonished, and said, My dear child, why are you still weeping and sorrowful? Your tears will not call the dead bird into life, and here you have one which is not inferior to the other!

Then the child said, O, dear mother, I treated my bird kindly, and did not do all for it that I could and should have done.

Dear Lina, you have always taken care of it diligently!

O no, replied the child, a short time before its death I did not bring to him the piece of sugar which you gave me for that purpose, but ate it myself. Thus spoke the girl with a sorrowful heart.

But the mother did not smile at this complaint, for she understood and revered the holy voice of nature in the heart of the child.

Ah! said she, how can an ungrateful child have a peaceful mind while standing at the grave of its parents!—*German Parables.*

THE ORDEAL.

BY MRS. S. K. FURMAN.

Off the sun with beamings golden,
In his mid-day splendor glows,
Drinking from the perfume-chalice
Of the lily and the rose;
Flushing all things into beauty,
Vale, and hill, and lakelet bright,
Teeming life with glad pulse trembling,
Bathed in molten floods of light.

But athwart the muttering thunder,
In the raven-winged cloud,
As the fiery lancets leaping
Skirt the gloomy tempest shroud,
Wildly sweeps the black tornado
On to midnight's dreary hour;
Proud hearts quail and nature wrestles
With its strong, convulsive power.

But the morning softly waketh
As a babe from angel dream—
Glorious o'er the star-gem'd dawning
Waves of mellow sunlight stream,
And the earth looks upward smiling
In her stainless robes of green;
Mount, and tree, and valley burnish'd
As if draped in Eden-sheen.

Happy song of countless warblers
On the breeze harmonious swells,
And the leaves wear silver droppings
Like to crystal fairy bells;
Flowers their fragrant hearts unfolding
Fill the air with incense sweet,
Making paths of gorgeous blossoms
For the morning's dainty feet.

Peerless from the weary conflict,
Fresh and purer than before,
Freed from dregs and hurtful matter,
Which upon her life-pulse bore;
Grateful nature thus rejoicing,
Counts the storm her dearest friend,
And on its dark form receding,
Looks of love and beauty blend.

And as if he thus relented
For the fierceness of his power,
Lightly on her golden tresses
Back he flings her rainbow crown;
Storm, and change, and seasons only
Her sweet graces can refine,
By submission ever conquering
In her majesty sublime.

O, if man her lessons heeded
When the adverse ills of life
Scourge and chafe his burden'd spirit
By the thongs of care and strife!
And though deep and dire afflictions,
Like an avalanche of woe,
Bury joy, and hope, and comforts
In its sad, destructive flow;

Yet with fair, untarnish'd honor,
And the sense of pure desire,
He may rise above the ruins
As one purified by fire;

For each virtue nobly cherish'd,
With a courage brave and right,
And the grace of faith supernal
Arms the soul with godlike might.

THE PASTOR'S WIFE TO HER ABSENT HUSBAND.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

HOME is not home without thee;
I can not bid the eager wandering eye,
That ever seeks thee in the distance blue,
Relax its earnest gaze, and patiently
Await the close of day—the early dew
That silently preludes thy homeward footsteps true.

Home is not home without thee;
All else is here, the trees, the radiant flowers—
The table bears its wealth of storied lore,
The happy birds sing in their shaded bowers;
I play thy favorite music o'er and o'er,
But softly, lest I miss thy coming at the door.

Home is not home without thee;
I shut my eyes to crush the foolish tears
Back to their source, as fevered fancy tells
Some tale of horror to awake my fears—
Yet listen till the cloud of terror swells
And hides thy path secure along the sunny dells.

Home is not home without thee;
The charm that friendly voices would impart
If thou wert by my side such love to share,
Falls with a hollow music on my heart—
It can not with the whispered word compare
That joins my name with thine in hallowed evening prayer.

Home is not home without thee;
Yet not one moment would I keep thee here;
Thy place is with the sad and desolate—
The wretched and the erring are thy care;
Thou to this holiest work art consecrate,
The messenger of God to those of low estate.

Home is not home without thee;
Part of myself is lost when thou art gone;
Yet I with smiles will cheer thee on thy way—
The toilsome way thy weary feet have worn—
With smiles will greet thee at the close of day,
And by thy side forget thy truant-like delay.

Home is not home without thee;
Haste, tardy Time, why slowly lingerest thou?
At balmy evening come, a welcome guest,
While softly on his hot and wearied brow
With soothing touch my moistened hands are prest:
I tarry then, still Time, and bless his peaceful rest.

POPE'S "DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL."

"LEND, lend your wings," the Popish poet cries,
As if his soul were mounting to the skies;
His creed forgotten as he strikes his lyre,
Which gives no note of purgatorial fire.
O! 't is the Bible Christian that can say,
"Now, now, I mount, and wing my heavenward way;
Receive my spirit, Jesus, Lord! and be
My blessed portion through eternity."

SQUIGGS AND THE MELANCHOLY.

BY J. D. BELL.

HAVING, in a former paper, described Briggs, and such as he, I will now devote a few columns to Squiggs, or, rather, my friend Squiggs, and such as he.

He is a singular man, Squiggs is. He is a poor, sad man. It should seem as if his soul were cold, and never warm—as if it were like something that is kept soaking every day in ice-water. But, then, my heart mourns for Squiggs, and I would not say light things of him. Squiggs has many good qualities. He is not one of your specimens of cynical sullenness, whom to meet is to look gloomy cruelty in the face. Squiggs snaps at nobody. Squiggs does not hate all mankind, and want to bite the rest. Squiggs is harmless.

This is one side of Squiggs's character. As for the other side I, of course, have many unpleasant things to say. For Squiggs, I think, has led an unmanly life, to say the least. There was no need of his being a hypochondriac. And why did he not know that, like a man?

Squiggs differs from Briggs, much as a day of unmitigated dismalness differs from a day on which there is an alternation of gloom and sunshine. But perhaps you will understand me the sooner if I say, in fewer words, that Squiggs has *the blues*, not merely sometimes, but all the time. He is a person who, as I very much regret to aver, never is known to laugh, and who rarely has any thing pleasant to say. There is always the same want of warmth in the hand with which he returns a welcome; and, so far as I can see, always the same ungenial expression to his countenance. And, then, if there happens to be a brief pause in the course of the conversation one is holding with him, Squiggs is always sure to fill it up by drawing his intolerably sober face out to its longest length, and, as if some silent agony were preying upon the very substance of his precious soul, heaving that plaintive sigh of his, which usually makes me think of some one of Dante's moaning spirits—that piteous, lugubrious sigh of "O dear me!" Squiggs would scarcely be Squiggs without that sigh. On all sorts of days and occasions, if you should be with him, you would hear it, I can not tell you how many times. The brightest hour of luck gives its cordial salutation to Squiggs, only to take in return his mournful "O dear me!" Squiggs gets a letter containing good news from an old friend; but after he has read it over he sighs, "O dear me!" Squiggs is congratulated on a fortunate bargain; Squiggs sees an uncommonly

fine rainbow on the clouds; Squiggs hears the beautiful prattle of a little child; but for all these pleasant things he has one and the same dreary expression. It is, "O dear me!"

Often and often have I sat, for a long while, wondering why it is that life—this goodly life which we are permitted to pass here below the sun—should continually present such somber aspects to Squiggs. What should he have to make him forever so melancholy and disconsolate? Few bereavements of the heart has he to remember and moan over. Friends have not betrayed or forsaken him; and, so far as I know, he has had no enemies bitter enough to slander him. Moreover, he is the possessor of what men call a handsome property and an honorable name. Why, then, should he pay that unceasing devotion to sorrow, which he does pay, throughout all the beautiful springs, and summers, and autumns, and winters?

After thus communing with myself one day, I almost involuntarily arose from my chair and hurried away, with the intention of going to see Squiggs and unbosom to him the burden of these musings of mine concerning him. I found him sitting in his room alone. I accepted a chair which he respectfully offered me, and, seating myself near him, I participated, for a few moments, in a wandering conversation, on various topics of transient interest. But by and by I designedly made a brief halt, on the track of our talk, just to get for a text to what I had in my mind to say, a fresh repetition of Squiggs's melancholy sigh of "O dear me!" The sigh came, according to my expectation, and I took it for my starting-point.

Squiggs, said I, you do not seem to me to be a happy man. Why is it that you so often weary the air with that gloomy sigh of yours? Has fortune dealt unkindly with you? Have you seen so many days of sorrow and darkness that life has really become a wretched burden to you? Do you find nothing, in nature, or in human life, that has a charm strong enough to call forth and render perpetually active the livelier feelings of your soul?

Here I paused, and turning his sad eyes slowly around, so as to gaze into my own, Squiggs replied:

"Fortune has dealt well enough with me, so far as I know; but, to tell you the truth, I somehow came to the conclusion, a long time ago, that there is nothing one can have a heart to feel very lively over here in this dark and cold world. What is there, from the cradle to the grave, but confusion and trouble, toil and weariness, grief and tears? Life has never seemed to me much better than a

slow journey through a land whose air is burdened with malaria and mourning. Every season which rolls round does but measure off a fresh period of dreary disappointments and hard trials. What is there in nature or in humanity which can well inspire real cheerfulness of disposition? The one unfolds, as its most interesting scenes, only the remains of harmonies, once beautiful, but which have been either cruelly marred or entirely laid in ruins by the rude warring of savage elements; and the other presents only one long and tiresome exhibition of sin and suffering, strife and tumult. Men talk about human progress as if it were a glorious fact; but really I can not see wherein mankind, since the days of the ancients, have radically improved their condition. Are they not just as blind as ever to their highest good? Are they at all more moral and honest than they were ages ago? Ah! you are greatly deceived if you see no reason for the sigh I sometimes heave from the silent depths of my soul."

Thus spoke my sad friend Squiggs. And for more than a moment I confess that I scarcely knew what sort of answer to make to his words of sorrow. I had grown painfully serious. My usual mood of cheerfulness had been disturbed by a feeling of mournful regret that there should be one, in this bright and beautiful world, whose days are all tinged with the dull darkness of melancholy, and whose heart knows no summer-time throughout the long year. I replied to him, however, in as appropriate a manner as I could under the circumstances. I told him that he had certainly taken a false and fatal view of life; that he had ignored the fact that it has its bright as well as its gloomy aspect; that all around us there are sources of pleasure, ever inviting us to come and drink rejuvenating draughts from them; that nature presents her ten thousand pleasing objects to the senses, and opens her fine fields on all sides for a lively intellectual curiosity to seek and obtain delightful gratification in. I told him also that there are joys to be realized in society; that the intercourse of kindred has its felicities; that there is a heart-cheering sweetness in the communings of friendship; that, in the exercise of patriotic feelings, there is a high pleasure to be experienced; and that every act of pure philanthropy is, according to certain unfailing laws of human nature, always followed by a serene satisfaction of the soul. I bade him rouse himself from his melancholy lethargy and go forth at morning, at noontide, and at evening over the world and among men, with his head up and his heart right.

In this manner I, at that time, treated the ques-

tion at issue between us. Squiggs responded, in a few words, partaking of the same plaintive sadness which characterized those he had before spoken. He admitted that some persons are happier than others; but he considered them able to be so, simply for the reason that they are more thoughtless, and hence more light-hearted, than others. But a true view of human life, he insisted, can not but make a considerate and reflecting person habitually sad and discontented.

I made no further answer; but after lingering a short while, in silence, I left Squiggs and returned, thoughtfully and with a pained heart, to my study. And then I sat down, in my old chair, and gave the subject we had been discussing a new and more thorough consideration. I turned it upon every side, and viewed it in all its aspects and bearings.

Squiggs, said I to myself, is not alone in the world with those dark thoughts of his. He is but one of a large portion of our race whose souls the sunshine never penetrates, and through whose lips there are breathed only murmurs and moans. For of all the orders of mankind, I find two which are marked by nearly opposite characteristics. On the one hand are those persons who seem to realize satisfaction and joy wherever they are; who spice the heaviest hours with genial wit and humor; who remain uncomplainingly patient when sorrows are upon them and trustfully composed in the midst of pain; who, in their apparently sworn obliviousness to all the ills and miseries they themselves are called to suffer, persistently refuse to think they have ever wearily struggled, or despairingly grieved, or bitterly wept; who, in short, make the journey of life as cheerfully as eastern travelers make the ascent of the Nile—that "Paradise of Travel;" and seem to go singing through youth, and singing through manhood, and singing through old age, and singing on into the other world!

And then, on the other hand, there are your habitual complainers and mourners—those whose faces are always clouded with the shadows of melancholy dreams—those who receive, through the windows of their souls, no enrapturing impressions from the life that is external to them—those who are never ready to rejoice with people that rejoice, but are always prepared to weep with people that weep. And the secret of the weariness which weighs upon these persons' hearts, and makes their blood crawl with such a morbid slowness in their veins, is simply the fact that they only exist—they do not live. The higher felicities of progress and success they know nothing of. Most of them grew sick of life before they had

tasted of its quintessence. They have never become more than distantly acquainted with nature. They do not know her ways. They can not take a well-meant joke from her. When she corrects them for carelessly breaking her laws, they pont and call her cruel. When she shows special favor to them, they imagine that she is playing upon them a cunning trick. They turn, with suspicion, from the very birds which sing in and sing out the fruitful seasons. Their religion—so much as they have—is too frequently a system of whims and absurdities. Almost the very language of despair is adopted in their prayers; and I believe that if the Lord were to give any audible answer to them, it would be a rebuke to them for their perpetual complaint and their indisposition to trust him and his goodness. Sad, exceedingly sad, indeed, is it to think of are these same thousands of unhappy mortals whose countenances continually wear such a look of dreary sullenness, and whose voices are ever so much like the voices of the Arabs who are hired to mourn over eastern tombs. Wherein are they less miserable than the veriest slaves of the earth? Do not they live without any evident relish for life? Nothing beautiful, nothing grand, should seem to be for these men. Scarcely seen by them throughout all the year, the stars—the same fine stars whose light ravished the brains of the old Chaldean philosophers—come up at evening and gleam into their joyless faces. Not for them should seem to be the charm of stars. Their incurious eyes take no watch of the insect tribes which burrow and build, frolic and glitter around them in the radiant days of summer. Not for them should seem to be the beauties of these bustling little races. If the very music of the spheres could be heard by mortals, it should seem as if the charm of it would not be for them. But for them there is heart-corroding *ennui*, and sad reveries, and a continual burden of morbid weariness. And is this all? O no! Would that it were all! The intoxicating cup, destined to be resorted to as the last source of relief from a slow-devouring bitterness of soul; long-coveted graves which shall eventually hold the stained remains of self-hated and self-destroyed humanity; years of gloomy delirium, yet in the future, but coming on, nearer each day and nearer each night—coming on with their brood of infuriating torments and their sullen clanking of maniac chains—these are some of the appalling things which are before many, if not all, of this unhappy class of men. And one thing more there is which I must not omit from this catalogue of hapless inheritances, which an untimely self-neglect has either put upon them,

or suspended over their futurity. It is the pity of all life-loving hearts. But, alas! such pity! It is all it can be; and yet how miserable an unction of comfort to those sufferers who have learned to court even death, and to mourn because the grim monster delays his coming! What relief, what consolation to him who is under the fearful spell of hypochondria, to be commiserated, for that his life is turning out so mournful a failure—for that he has senses and has a soul which, if he had only cultivated them well, would have made him to be habitually joyous and radiant-eyed, could have kindled and nerved him for a brilliant career? And yet, from this same pity, which flows out of all sweet, songful hearts, for melancholy men and women, I see not how it is possible to dissociate the cause of their morbid gloom and taciturnity. One will remember and mention—he feels that he must, though it be like the rattling of gravel and dirt sown on a sunk coffin—why it is that they are wretched hypochondriacs in spite of flowers, and birds, and the sight of mountains, and of rivers, and of the evening sky, spangled with stars, which are the turrets of cities in the heavens—why it is that, on this planet, forever rolling so superbly under the moon and around the sun, they do but droop in sullen sorrow, taking no pleasure amid nature's innumerable fair and glorious things; musing upon the beauty of the high God which is, here and there, to be seen struggling into sight through enchanting symbols;

"Pondering on the wondrous laws for the leaf decreed,
How it shrinks, spreads, colors, changes to the whole
plant's need;

How the great earth all the ages doth her history write
On stone tables, and then lift them to the noonday
light."

Thus I thought and soliloquized, and soliloquized and thought, there in my silent room. The shadows of evening had begun to fall around and over me. But, said I to myself, I must not depart from this quiet place of meditation before I have determined upon some practical course to pursue in regard to this all-absorbing subject. Poor sad men, brooding over human ills, and, like Voltaire, sighing, "I wish I never had been born!"—men who have resigned themselves to the false creations of an abnormal imagination, and who, though not blind, yet carry the death-like blankness of blind men in their countenances—of such, chiefly, were the images which, in that hour, stalked, like vagabonds, through my brain. Vainly did I try to dispel them from the vista of my inner sight. And amid the gloom and the specters of this my first great sorrow, the question seemed to echo

repeatedly in the silent chambers of my soul, can you not exert yourself, in some good way, to save at least a small number of these disconsolate men from their state of wretchedness?" In answer I seemed to be told, by a voice within me, "Yes, even you can do something—go and write." I arose from my chair and retired to my bed. And then the same subject came up once more in review—the review of dreams. There were solemn faces looking into mine, and mournful sighs crowding into my ears. A cloud of woe seemed to have settled down upon me forever. No voices from chirping tongues, no features lighted up with radiant smiles and glad laughter mingled in the dreary visions of that mock-sleep. Daylight came at length, and I welcomed it as I had never done before. My gloomy dreams were scattered, and reality was once more around and within me. I ran forth and hailed the dawn of the golden morning, ravished almost with the thought that I was still an inhabitant of so grand a world as this. With livelier senses than ever I received the multitudinous impressions of waking nature. The sun shone upon me with a richer and more glorious light. The streams rolled along with fuller and more melodious intonations. There was no sight, no sound, no dream of sorrow to sadden my heart. All was peace, harmony, sweetness, liveliness, splendor, rapture wherever I turned my eager eyes or directed my elastic feet. A good day this, thought I, on which to try to do something toward transforming lonely men who exist, but do not live, into men with thinking, hopeful, rejoicing souls.

And so I sat down that day and wrote—wrote the article which closes here.

INWARD INFLUENCE OF OUTWARD BEAUTY.

THERE is many a road into our hearts besides our ears and brains; many a sight, and sound, and scent, even of which we have never thought at all, sinks into our memory, and helps to shape our characters. Thus children brought up among beautiful sights and sweet sounds will most likely show the fruits by thoughtfulness, and affection, and nobleness of mind. Those who live in towns should carefully remember this, for their own sakes, for their wives' sakes, for their children's sakes. Never lose an opportunity of seeing any thing beautiful. Beauty is God's handwriting—a wayside sacrament; welcome it in every fair face, every fair sky, every fair flower, and thank for it Him, the fountain of all loveliness, and drink it in simply and earnestly: it is a charmed draught, a cup of blessing.

MADAME ROLAND.

BY E. L. BICKNELL.

MADAME ROLAND possessed a mind of great decision upon every matter which required her action. Her earlier years were spent in improving and strengthening every intellectual power. The quietness of her childhood, the freedom from care, the leisure time occupied by books, inspired her genius with an ambition which the firmness of her character never suffered to faint. The age in which she lived permitted no slumbering energies; and in the length and breadth of France there was not, perhaps, one individual with mental endowments sufficient to grasp the problem of government, whose action was not required, name registered, or life imperiled in the political tempests of the times. An unusual oneness of mind existed between Madame Roland and her husband. Her admiration for his integrity of purpose and honorable character was mingled with his confidence in the wisdom of her suggestions, the attractiveness of her pen, the purity of her motives. As wife, or mother, or friend, she was ever feminine in each relation. No arrogant display of self; they who knew her best loved her most. And yet the wisest heads of the nation praised or feared her influence. In the palace of the Minister of the Interior she exhibited a serenity of feeling which honored the position she occupied. Though raised from the lower ranks of society to the ceremonious French court, her manners were correct and dignified. Bold and courageous in political strife, she recommended no measure of whose execution she would not have incurred the peril.

When a captive in a dungeon, the grated windows and iron doors barring out the world from her; Eudora, her only child, the tenderest love she might ever know, watched and nourished by others for *her* sake; M. Roland, a fugitive disguised, unsuccored; then she scorned to cross the prison-door in the garb of stratagem—her fortitude rose above the trial. The jailer's wife her friend, won by her sweetness of manner to minister as far as possible to her personal need, to give news, carry letters, admit friends, wondered to see her soaring above the moldy walls on the unshorn wings of intellectual strength. Music, books, flowers, and an active pen brought enchanting light to rest upon the fettered scenes of captivity. Tears—hot tears, too—flowed freely, and then were wiped away with the determination never to sink under calamity.

The cowardly Danton and Robespierre, cruel as demons, were awed at the strength of her intel-

lect; they feared her heroism; and the one only method, used to foil argument or meet opposition, was the swift-severing knife of the guillotine. Yet this unnerved not Madame Roland for a moment. She could ask for the terror-stricken old man at her side, to be spared the shock of seeing her head fall—let him die first. Her moment came and was over, and France will wear her name on history's life-stained record while the world has a history left to read.

PROGRESSIVES.

BY HENRY MATSON.

PROGRESSIVES constitute a class of men and women, of these modern times, who profess to be eternal seekers after truth. Now, to seek truth is well; but to find it is better. But progressives have a horror of becoming fixed. They dare not say positively that this or that is true, and are unwilling that any one should say so. They regard truth as the water of a river, which flows past them and in a moment is gone from their sight; and not as the ocean, which, while it mocks the vision with its illimitable extent, is yet ever present and real. It was but is not, they say.

They fancy that they see truth in new and better forms, and they condemn and reject the old forms. Their faith—what they have—is not settled, but is placed now on this and now on that. A thing needs to be but new to excite their interest; and if to novelty there be added the glitter of pretension they will be likely to receive it with favor.

Since they are themselves in so much uncertainty, all things seem to them to be in perpetual change. They despair of keeping any thing. What they attempt to hold either eludes their grasp or dissolves at their touch. Their life is a series of experiments, and they seek in every untried way to realize their perfect ideal.

They shrink from affirmations, but objections and qualifications appear to them possessed of a disproportionate importance. They can talk glibly of what they do not believe, but hesitate and stammer when called upon to give a positive expression of their actual faith.

Their aims and purposes are equally uncertain with their faith. They are fluctuating and unreliable. One can not tell where to find them, and need not be surprised at any sudden transformation. What they will do, say, or believe can not be predicted. They themselves know as little as any one else, and deride consistency. Their lives are, therefore, without harmony, proportion, or

order. They build but to tear down; they acquire but to scatter. They find no where what they seek; but disappointment does not beget wisdom. In many cases it produces despair, which leads them to settle back into a low materialism or a cold skepticism.

They have a dread of mold, and what they have they quickly cast away lest it become tainted. With them age is a sure sign of worthlessness.

But they are easily imposed upon—for they can not stop to examine closely; and old heresies which have been refuted a thousand times, if brushed over a little by some skillful varnisher, seem to them the very perfection of newness and brightness. But they tire of them as soon as a child of a toy. Indeed, they are but children in the very things in which they imagine themselves wiser than the wisest.

Their life is a butterfly chase after good, which they are ever grasping but can not hold. They reach after it with eagerness, and are sure they have caught it, but their hand is empty, and they soon discover it again, as they suppose, just ahead.

If they become weary of this endless pursuing, which yields them neither satisfaction nor repose, one source of enjoyment remains ever open to them, the indulgence of their appetites; and one source of wretchedness—which yet may be congenial to their minds, soured by fault-finding and disappointment—universal doubting and indifference.

Such is the sad end of many a progressive; and their progress is as dubious as its termination.

Progress is a word promising much, but deceiving many. Real progress is steady and not hurried. It is an advance in the straight, plain way, and not a veering to this side and that, or a following any crooked by-path for a change, with the delusive hope of stumbling on some great treasure. On the road of true progress the traveler can look backward and see how far he had advanced, and forward and see whither his steps lead.

But the mad chase after error yields no such certainty or satisfaction; for the wanderer knows not where he is or where he is going. He is lost, and in his perplexity and credulity is willing to trust any guide that may present himself to him if he have a specious appearance. He has, to be sure, derided those who follow leaders, however good the way in which they walk; but with his characteristic inconsistency he tags behind any conceited blusterer.

It matters little to him what road he takes, if it is a new one; for beaten ways are his abhorrence. Indeed, he likes the leader best who clears a new

one as he goes along; and if he does not find such a one he will very likely strike out for himself.

He never thinks of the direction in which his road leads; that is to him quite an indifferent matter. Besides, he has no compass, and the sun is always hidden under a thick cloud, so that however much he might desire it he would not know which way to direct his course. To be hurrying away at headlong speed is his chief desire; and if he come around in a circle to the point whence he started, or, advancing a little, turn and run in an opposite direction, passing and going back from his first starting-point, it answers his purpose just as well. For to go is his all-absorbing purpose, and rest he can not endure; and if he may but keep going—and the faster the better—he cares little *where* he goes.

He has at his tongue's end and in his heart the following lesson, which he implicitly adopts as the rule of his life: "Motion is progress; perpetual motion is perpetual progress; rapid motion is rapid progress; and eternal motion is eternal progress; but rest leads to decay and death." With these pointed arrows in his hand, always ready to launch forth, he fears the attack of no enemy, great or small, subtle or powerful. These weighty axioms afford to himself a complete justification of his course; and he claims a respect for it which shall not only lead men to suffer him to pursue it unmolested, but eagerly to follow in his footsteps. If any one is content to differ with him he pities him, expresses his contempt for him, and regards him as practically not much better than an idiot.

But *he* is wise enough for a world of common folks. Socrates was not so wise as he, nor even Christ. "And how could they be," he adds by way of apology for them, seeing that they can not speak for themselves, "since they lived so long ago!" Were all the wisdom of the wisest men that have ever lived collected together and its strength comprised in its distilled essence, it would be altogether vapid compared with their new and wondrous magical compound. That it is brand new in every respect, even the original materials of which it is composed being hitherto entirely unknown to every body, is sufficient proof of its surpassing virtue. Yes, it is new, and every thing not newer need not be placed in competition with it, but may be lain aside as a relic to excite the wonder of the curious. It can henceforth serve no farther use to sensible people, and those who do use it manifest very plainly their ignorance, willfulness, or stupidity.

The following inferences seem legitimate: That progressives are not so progressive as they imagine. That they are not so much wiser than all

other men, either in their speculations or practice, as they profess to be. That the reason that progress in their mouths is a vain word, having nothing corresponding to its proper meaning in their aims and lives, is, because they condemn and avoid stability instead of earnestly seeking it as the indispensable condition of true and steady progress. That consistency is a jewel not so despicable as they affect to esteem it. That their faith being vain, their aspirations and inspirations, their hopes, enjoyments, and all that constitutes their spiritual experience, are likewise vain. That they never will find true peace of mind till they renounce their inconsiderate, inconsistent course and become humble learners of the truth, carefully avoiding all deceitful appearances, and they will then enjoy it as a constant and "delightful guest."

GIVE ME MUSIC.

BY ANNIE E. HOWE.

GIVE me music, plaintive music,
When my spirit's bound in grief,
Let the soothing strains steal o'er me,
They will bring me sweet relief;
Let each strain be sad and tender,
Let each tone be soft and low,
They a solace sweet will render,
They will still my heart's deep woe.
Touch each chord with gentle finger,
Breathe the richest melody,
On the sweetest notes long linger,
For it giveth joy to me.
And I'll close my eyes and listen,
Till my soul seems borne away,
Where the grief-drops never glisten;
Where dark sorrow holds no sway;
Where the holiest strains of music
Float from harps of purest gold;
Where the flowers never wither,
Smitten by the winter's cold;
Where the breezes, as they wander,
Bear no poison on their wings;
Where in groves of fadeless beauty,
Birds with radiant plumage sing.
In that land my footsteps linger,
Hushed in every thought of woe,
When sweet, mournful strains of music
Steal o'er me soft and low.

O there's something in sweet music
Speaketh to the inmost soul,
Telling it that life's immortal,
"And the grave is not its goal;"
Telling us, though grief and sorrow
Hand in hand abide on earth,
In that far-off land of beauty
No such spirits have their birth.

Then give me music, plaintive music,
Let each tone be soft and low;
Stealing o'er my troubled spirit,
They will soothe its deepest woe.

WHY AUNT KITTIE NEVER BECAME AN AUTHORESS.

BY HARRIET N. BAEB.

IN speaking of our female writers, how often we hear the remark, "*What credit* she deserves for having accomplished so much in literature; and what self-satisfaction it must cause her to look back upon her labors, and realize all that she has done!" While of another lady it is said, "I certainly expected she would have distinguished herself as a writer. With the talents she displayed while a school-girl, she ought to have done something to make herself known; but she just lives for her ordinary duties, and her family cares seem to fill her heart completely."

All this is said disparagingly, as if the lady were very much to blame for her want of ambition; but when I hear such remarks I feel how very *unjust* they often are. While the literary lady may merit all the praises that are lavished upon her, how often have *circumstances*, rather than her own will, forced out her intellectual powers! She has written because stern necessity compelled her to do so; and though I feel that she has not only won for herself an enviable reputation, but—which is of far more account—has accomplished a vast amount of good with her pen, and I would not say ought to dim the luster of the laurels which ornament her brow, yet I can not but think that many a woman deserves far more credit for *never having written*, than does she for all her brilliant efforts.

To God alone is known the strength of the self-denial some need to exercise, in order to keep down and restrain the indulgence of that taste for literary pursuits for which their talents and early education have so well fitted them. With many a one it is a life-long struggle, day by day, to bind themselves down to homely duties; and nothing but the conviction that they were *her duties* could have prevented her from reveling in more congenial pursuits. But when she hears others praised for doing what she feels conscious that *she* could have done far better, and sees that her life of self-denial is looked upon as a life of ease, how earnestly does she need to implore strength from on High, to enable her to persevere in the straight and narrow path of devotion to her husband and children! Could the heart-history of such women be laid open, how we should admire the moral heroism, the more than mortal strength, they have thus displayed!

My aunt Kittie was one of those from whom every body expected great things, but of whom it was said, in her later life, that she had accom-

plished nothing worthy the promise of her girlhood; that is, nothing to immortalize *herself*. True, she made her home a paradise of love and innocent enjoyment, taught and trained up her children as no other little people in the place were trained, and was to her intellectual but unpractical husband eyes, ears, and hands; and then her hospitalities—O, they were boundless, and never in the whole world was there such a delightful place to visit at as my aunt Kittie's house afforded! All loved to go there, both old and young; for she welcomed them so kindly, and made them so comfortable, that some of them were an unaccountably long time in getting away again. But while people praised her for all these things, which—as they thought—she did so well simply because she loved to do them, no one dreamed that there was any self-denial in all that.

As intimately as I knew her, I always thought that her home duties filled her heart, till from her own lips I had the story of her yearning ambition and her self-control.

A merry party of all ages were together one night, discussing the works of various authoresses, when one of our number said lightly, "Mrs. N., how happens it that *you* have done nothing in the literary world? We all expected you to have made a sensation there."

"Yes, indeed, we did so!" echoed one and another. "Come, give an account of yourself: how can you answer to your conscience for having buried your talents in a napkin?"

Aunt Kittie answered them sportively about having *had none to "bury,"* and then made us all laugh at some lively sally of hers. But that night, after the company were all gone, and the other members of the family had retired, I found her sitting over the dying embers, musing, it seemed to me *sadly*. Putting my arms about her neck, I besought her, half playfully, half earnestly, to let me share the *burden* of her thoughts.

"I was only looking back into the past," she said, "and wondering whether I had failed to improve my talents as I might have done; whether I had aimed as high in life as my Creator intended me to do. I feel perfectly conscious that many, with no greater talents than mine, have gained fame by their writings; and *there was a time* when my brightest day-dreams were of doing the same. How my heart used to beat and my cheeks flush at the thought of the beautiful book I intended one day to write! But somehow my way has always seemed so hedged up, that I could not commence it without neglecting other

and more pressing duties. For years I could not give up the idea of doing it; and many were the times I appointed for carrying out my secretly-cherished plan, but something always occurred to prevent me. It never seemed to me quite right to neglect or postpone known duties for what was—however sweet—a very uncertain one; and it is really amusing now to look back and see how often I was almost an authoress, and what trifles always arose to prevent my being truly one.

"I had the plan and plot of my work laid down in my mind; the preface all written, and the dedication, too, to that precious teacher who had, by her unwearied efforts and kind encouragements, drawn out whatever of talent there was in me; and had already baptized my book, giving it the *beautiful* and *highly-poetical* name of—but I won't divulge that! Who knows, old as I am, but I may yet find time to carry out my plan?" exclaimed aunt Kittie, with a sudden dash of humor.

"Do tell me of some of the things that hindered you," I said.

"O, I can't remember the half of them; but I'll tell you of such as just now occur to me, and from them you will see that woman's destiny is often swayed by 'trifles light as air.'"

"When I was young and enthusiastic, I fancied I could do any thing that I chose to attempt. So one day I went to my room, and laying off the pretty silk dress, which fitted so charmingly—but, to tell the truth, was a little too tight for the ambitious thoughts that were swelling in my heart—donned, in its stead, a loose wrapper, and, letting down my hair, seated myself in my comfortable arm-chair, bent on accomplishing great things. The sunshine streamed in cheerfully, and the thought that all the hours of that long afternoon were mine, to do just what I pleased with, made it seem like so much pure gold. 'This day's work shall tell on my whole life,' I said to myself, eagerly, decidedly, as I placed a quire of white paper before me, and proceeded to point my pencil. Thoughts *bright* and *original*—as I imagined—were dancing through my brain, and I was about to revel in the luxury of jotting them down, when my little sister burst into the room with another child, who was holding up her dress terribly torn, and crying as bitterly as if *tears* would mend the *tear*.

"'Why are you not at school?' I asked somewhat sharply, for I did not like to be interrupted in the grand work I had undertaken.

"'O, sister, we were there, but it was too early, and so we went out to play a little while—and

just see how poor Ellen T. has torn her dress! She says her mother will *whip her to pieces* for it; just think, sister!' and Anne began to cry, too, as if she saw the mangled bits of her playmate before her, instead of the entire form of the little fairy, who, though 'come of low degree,' was singularly beautiful.

"I never could harden my heart against the tears of a child; there was something in those crystal drops that unlocked all my sympathies; and when united with the frightful sobs that convulsed the whole frame of the little girl, whose dress was literally rent in twain from top to bottom, caused me to set down untasted the 'charmed cup of fame' I was about raising to my lips. So I said, pleasantly, 'Suppose I were to mend your dress, Nellie?'

"'O, Miss Kittie, can you, will you?' asked the child, brightening up.

"'There, did n't I tell you she would?' said Anne, dashing away her tears.

"'Come here and put on this long apron of Anne's, and I'll see what I can do for your dress.'

"It seemed an almost hopeless undertaking, and a wearisome task for those bright hours which I had set apart for work so much pleasanter; but I thought of the poor home from which the child had come, and of the mother, who, burdened with work and depressed by feeble health, could not always control her temper when things went wrong, and, consequently, had given some foundation for Nellie's fear that she would 'whip her to pieces.' Those ladies who blame the poor for their occasional bursts of violence, and speak of the sin they commit by confounding in their children's mind an act of *carelessness* with one of *guilt*, can not know the trouble, the utter discouragement, that careless act often brings to the overburdened mother.

"Nellie's joy and gratitude were unbounded when she saw her dress 'as good as ever,' so she expressed it. 'Dear, dear Miss Kittie, I am so glad; and now mother never need know any thing of it.'

"I looked into the depths of her clear eyes for an instant, and then said, 'You would not deceive your mother, Nellie? If I thought you capable of such a thing, I would mend no more torn dresses for you.'

"The child blushed; and I said, 'Go home now, like a good girl, and tell your mother all about it; and even if she does scold a little, you will feel happier than if you were trying to deceive her;' and giving her a bunch of my choice roses for her mother, I sent her away. She soon

came running back with a smiling face, to tell me that her mother was 'not a bit angry,' and to thank me again for having saved her a whipping.

"I glanced at my blank paper, and then at my watch. 'I have only time to dress for tea,' I said, sadly; and though I could not feel that my afternoon had been wasted, when it had restored peace to a child's heart, I could not help wishing that Nellie had happened to tear her dress on any other day than that consecrated one.

"Days and weeks passed, and still I found no time to put upon paper the beautiful things which I fancied I could write. 'This will never do,' I said to myself, at last; 'I must stay up at night and accomplish it;' for I fancied that one night of intense application would render me immortal! So I prepared myself, by an extra strong cup of coffee, for my long-desired task, and entered upon my work with an exhilaration of feeling it would be impossible to describe. Rapidly my pencil glided over my paper, and I was beginning to feel what a blessed thing it is to live when one can engage in such high and noble pursuits, when I heard a strange sound coming from the direction of my little brother's bed. I listened an instant; there was no mistaking it; his terrible enemy, the croup, had attacked his delicate frame, and, from his painful breathing, no time was to be lost! Where my manuscript went to, I do not know; but I fancy it must have found its way into the warm bath I brought so hastily from the kitchen for the immersion of the little sufferer; or else, in my fright, I spread the plaster on it with which I had his chest covered when the rest of the family came to my aid.

"'You have saved your brother's life by your prompt measures: how fortunate that you awake so easily!' said my mother.

"I, who had preached to Nellie T. on the sin of deceiving her mother, now felt convicted of the same, for I did not confess that I had not been in bed. I knew that, should my mother learn of my darling plan, she would spare no self-denial to afford me time for carrying it out; while I felt that it was my duty, and should be my pleasure, to spare her every needless exertion. Years after, when I stood beside her grave, did I regret that such had been my endeavor, instead of seeking to carry out the promptings of my selfish ambition?

* * * * *

"The soft, hazy atmosphere of an autumn day seemed beckoning me out of doors; but I dropped the curtain and turned the key with a resolute motion, which seemed to say, 'I am somebody,

and I mean to do *something* to-day—yes, something worth living for!

"'Ha, Kate! are you there?' cried my brother, drumming with his riding-whip on the door. 'Don your habit and hat as quickly as you can. We are getting up an impromptu party to meet Murray on his return. We want to go out about ten miles; but can have no party without you. I've ordered your saddle to be put on the "black Douglass;" so hurry!'

"'O, brother, I'm particularly busy this afternoon.'

"'Yes, you women are always busy, tramping up finery; but you're pretty enough without any trappings; so come, and let the sewing wait.'

"'I was n't sewing,' I said, with some dignity; 'I had some *writing* that I wished to do to-day.'

"'Writing, hem! on such a glorious day as this! leave your writing for dull, rainy weather, when you can't get out; that's the way I do. See, there's Dug pawing the ground as if impatient to have you mount. So come, as you love me!'

"Who could resist such a temptation? And, O, that exhilarating ride on the favorite horse of my brother, which it was my pride to manage, because no other lady in the place could be prevailed upon to mount so fiery a steed. The 'black Douglass' knew and loved me; and as I dashed past the others at so mad a rate that even my brother—fast rider as he was—was obliged to put spurs to his horse to avoid losing sight of me, I was secure in the belief that the affection I felt for the beautiful animal I rode would prevent his taking any advantage of my weakness. Would that we could always have the same confidence in those of our fellow-beings who are most dear to us! They, alas! too often make use of our very love as a means of torturing us; and of the excruciating nature of such ordeals only those who have thus loved and thus suffered can form any conception.

"But if I have cause to remember the wild exciting ride of that afternoon, I have still more to recollect that return by moonlight, when I paced along so quietly beside my brother's college friend; for a conversation occurred then which changed the entire current of my life, and stirred up within me emotions of which I had never dreamed. To be told, in such deep and fervent tones, that I had long been enshrined in the heart of hearts of one to whom from childhood I had been taught to look up as the embodiment of all that was noble and manly—is it any wonder that my woman's heart was full of quiet happiness, and that all my restless ambitions were

forgotten in the pleasant consciousness of loving and knowing myself beloved?

"All at once another thought thrilled me. Mr. M. had loved me because I was handsome, and intelligent, and—as I hoped he thought me—*good*; but I felt proud to think that there was more in me than he had supposed. 'I have talents of which he little dreams,' I said to myself; 'and if I do not make him love me more, I will at least make him more *proud* of the object of his choice. Yes, I will write a book! How pleased and how surprised he will be! In these four months I shall have plenty of time to do it;' and my heart so danced with joy at the thought, that more than once that day he told me he had no idea that I was half so beautiful. 'You will find there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in your philosophy,' I said, laughing, still thinking of my book.

"But did I write it? Ask any woman who has to get ready to be married in four months, and who knows the all-absorbing nature of the additions that must be made to her wardrobe, to answer that question for me.

"Well,' I said to myself, 'I will write some time after we get settled in our home; there will be long, quiet days of leisure, when I can do it as well as not.' But those days of leisure never came till my health was too feeble to improve them. Then succeeded the all-absorbing cares and responsibilities which are inseparably connected with the pride and joy that fill a young mother's heart, to the exclusion of all other things. Another and still another gem was added to our casket of family jewels, which, if not beautiful and brilliant to strangers, were certainly so to me. Through their sparkling eyes I looked down into those souls, which—I hoped—purified by the trials of earth, were to shine resplendent among that blood-washed throng who shall walk the golden streets of the city of our God.

"I sought diligently to perform my duties, and faithfully to discharge my responsibilities; but there were times when they pressed wearily upon my spirits, and the thought would come that I was wasting my life on the daily-recurring anxieties of 'what shall we eat, what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall my children be clothed?' when I ought to be aiming at higher things. I thought to myself, 'If I could only write now and then, I should be so much happier; for I should feel then that I was accomplishing something worthy of my talents, and something which every one was not fitted to perform. Well, if any thing great or noble is to be done in this world, it must be by means of system and resolution.'

So I determined to set apart two hours of each day for writing. I had often left my children with their nurse for as long a time as that, to pay a visit, perform housewife duties, or some sewing too nice to be done where it might come in contact with those bread-and-butter-soiled little fingers, and never thought of its being wrong to do so. But when, for my own gratification, I had secluded myself, and was interrupted in my pleasant task by the frightful screams of one of my children, that had fallen against the stove and was badly burnt, what a guilty thing did I feel myself to be! Had I only been dusting, or darning, or any thing else in the world but writing, my self-reproach would not have been half so bitter.

"My children were older, and their nurse trusty; so, after a siege of sewing late and early, I thought, 'Now that I am over the hurry, I can afford a little recreation, and will treat myself to a few hours of writing every day; and who knows *what* I may accomplish!' Those bright air-castles were hardly erected ere they were pulled down, by my husband asking, 'Is this a busy week with you?'

"Not very; do you want me?"

"Yes, you can help me greatly by looking over the books on this list, and writing out from them the statistics named there."

"Yours to command!" I said, playfully; but I did not spend that week over musty books and dry statistics without more than one rebellious sigh."

"I should think not, aunt; and then that was the manuscript of which you did all the copying for your lord and master!"

"Well, what of that?"

"Why, only that we all thought it a downright shame, at the time, and perfect selfishness in uncle, to have you slaving over the mechanical part of his work, as if you were a mere machine; but I did not know that you had wanted that time for writing down your own sweet thoughts and brighter fancies. I declare it was too perfectly selfish in him!"

"No, my dear, I ought to have been his 'help-mate'; and, besides, he did not suspect that I aspired to authorship. Another attempt. My husband was going from home for a week. 'I will write during his absence,' I said to myself. He had been reading me some of his articles, and the conviction would keep rising within me, that, if I only had the time, I could dash off things quite as interesting and lifelike as his. And I will surprise him on his return, I thought. Judge then of my consternation when he said to me, 'My dear, I thought you would be lonely

while I was away; so I invited Mrs. L. to come and stay with you, and she will be here this morning, with her three boys.'

"Am I never to have my own house to myself?" I exclaimed, petulantly.

"Why, Kittie, I never knew you wanting in hospitable feelings before; and it is a real act of charity to invite her here just now. You know they have neither home nor friends; and so long as we have both, let us do all the good we can by means of them.'

"An 'act of charity' was it? Well, I tried to meet it with a good grace. But the romping of the three great boys was no annoyance compared with that widow's ceaseless talking, which left me no time for literary pursuits. Her own troubles were her theme from morning till night; and so weary did I become of them, that I could say truly, 'In all your afflictions I am afflicted.'

"I did what I could for her comfort; but, O, with such an intense longing for quiet, that, when she went away, declaring the visit had done her so much good, and thanking me so warmly for my sympathy and advice, my heart smote me that it had been so little in the matter.

"With joy I at length found myself with a leisure evening on my hands; but, as I sat down to pour out my fancies on paper, my thoughts reverted to a remark I had heard that day respecting an acquaintance. She had been, it was said, deeply concerned about her soul, but was now gradually returning to the world, and finding amusement there, if not peace. As I realized, in some degree, her danger, I felt that she ought not to be suffered thus to go back without at least a remonstrance from some Christian friend. 'Why can not I write to her upon the subject?' was my next thought; and I obeyed the suggestion, trying to set before her the worth of the immortal soul, and the sweet peace she would experience could she consecrate herself to the Savior. That done, I sought to follow up the effort with fervent prayer, that the Holy Spirit would cause what had been written in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling, to be the means of leading her to Jesus.

"When she came to me a few days after, her face all radiant with joy, and told me of the bright hopes that had been kindled in her soul, my own heart thrilled with pleasure. But when she added, with tears coursing down her cheeks, that, if I had not sent that note, she should still be a stranger to Christ and his love; and that if I had not sent it on that particular night, when she was trying so hard to quench the strivings of the Spirit, she would have relapsed into her

former state of carelessness, I was perfectly overwhelmed in view of the goodness of God in permitting one so utterly unworthy to be the means of leading a soul to Jesus! And as I thought of the preciousness of the soul—so exceeding great that no less a sacrifice than God's only Son could redeem it—I felt that I had indeed enjoyed a high privilege.

"As my eye fell on the blank paper which I had intended to fill with my *beautiful* story, I could not help feeling glad that I had been led to change the bare possibility for the certainty of doing good.

"Since then I have been so busy, that I really believe that was my last attempt to win renown by authorship."

"Well, dear aunt Kittie, I do n't think any body ever wrote a book half so beautiful as the volume you have unfolded by your life. It is a far nobler thing to live as you have done, than to write as you wished to do. Many of those who delineate so touchingly the beauty of good deeds, signally fail to exhibit the same in their lives; and I should be more proud of the page of your *life* than of any printed volume."

And as I kissed her good-night and went to bed, it was with the feeling, that though the fame of authorship did not shed its halo over the brow of my dear aunt Kittie, yet her life of love, and labor for the happiness of others, would cause her to shine resplendent among those who, with crowns of gold upon their foreheads and harps in their right hands, shall "follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth."

CHEERFULNESS AND CHARITY.

CHEERFULNESS fills the soul full of harmony; it makes and publishes glorifications of God; it produces thankfulness and serves the end of charity; and, when the oil of gladness runs over, it makes bright emissions of light and kindles holy fires, reaching up to the clouds, and making joy round about; and, therefore, since it is so innocent, and may be so pious and full of holy advantage, whatsoever can innocently minister to this holy joy does set forward the work of religion and charity. And, indeed, charity itself, which is the vertical top of all religion, is nothing else but a union of joys concentrated in the heart, and reflected from all the angles of our life and intercourse. It is a rejoicing in God, a gladness in our neighbor's good, a pleasure in doing good, a rejoicing with him; and without love we can not have any joy at all.

SEVEN YEARS IN SIBERIA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MAN-OF-WAR LIFE," ETC.

TIME was when we knew of central Africa only as a desert, and of Siberia only as a frozen wild, where unfortunate Russians wore out their weary lives in comfortless exile. Dr. Livingstone has altered the face of African maps, and MR. THOMAS WITLAM ATKINSON* will put the map-makers to like trouble as regards Siberia.

After all John Bull is the true, and born, and predestined traveler of this age. Here, for instance, is Mr. Atkinson—a gentleman evidently of a handsome competence, of considerable talent, and good social advantages—such a man as we should expect to stay about London, journeying occasionally to Paris, semi-occasionally to Scotland, and once in his life, perhaps, to New York, but devoting his life generally to his family, his friends, his club, and his country. But not so thought Mr. Atkinson. He had his Briton's destiny to fulfill; and so one morning, having provided himself with "an assortment of moist colors made by Winsor & Newton," warranted not to spoil by heat or cold; a passport from the Emperor Nicholas I, warranted not to fail in any emergency or on any boundary; and a supply of money, this gentleman bids adieu to England and civilization, and starts on a seven years' trip to regions of country of which the names even are not familiar to any but the professional geographers. And what great incentive had Mr. Atkinson to undertake such a journey? the reader will naturally ask. Well, none at all, seems to be the best answer. He assures us he did not go intending to make a book—which we can believe, for a professional book-maker would have chosen an easier region of country; nor to acquire wealth, for he has come back the richer only for some five hundred and sixty sketches; nor in the service of any geographical institute, for, to tell the truth, no geographical institute seems to have paid much attention to him till he got back. The fact is, Atkinson was an Englishman with a competence; and it is the destiny of every Englishman who can afford to be idle, to get up some morning, look out a place on the map where no other Englishman has hitherto been, get a passport thither, pack up his traveling-bag, and turn his face toward that spot; which reached, he comes

back, and sits him down at home in peace, becoming one of the "gentlemen of England who live at home at ease."

Thus did Mr. Atkinson; but fortunately we are the richer in geographical knowledge for his journey; and although he was not moved to it by the same generous and Christian impulses which sent Livingstone into the heart of Africa, his adventures are equally interesting, and his contributions to knowledge equally curious and almost as valuable as those of the great missionary.

Mr. Atkinson went to Siberia, he tells us, simply to sketch. We take leave to suppose that he went there also to seek for untrodden ground to travel over, and because he was a man of energetic and daring nature, whose curiosity and whose imagination had been roused by the mystery and the associations which hang over the plains and mountains of central Asia. And it is not too much to say that he has opened to us a perfectly novel view, full of color, and force, and life, of those wild, awful solitudes, from whence has come so much which has influenced the history of the world, and determined the fate of distant nations. From those vast highlands names of men, of tribes, of places, have echoed through the earth, and filled many a page composed by poets and historians in the most polished capitals of the west and east. It is into this region that Mr. Atkinson carries us; and into many portions of it he expresses his conviction that no European had penetrated for centuries. And he carries us there, not merely as a geographer or man of science, but as an enthusiastic and clever artist, and a popular describer of what will best stamp an idea, in the minds of his readers, of what is most prominent and characteristic in the features of the country or the ways of its inhabitants; and he has given such vivid and distinct information about what Humboldt calls the true central portion of Asia, as, we suppose, is not to be gained from any other writer. We may add that his information, gathered in the first instance without any view to publication, is put together in a perfectly unpretending way; and appears to preserve, without any subsequent retouching or polishing, the original impression recorded on the spot.

As before said, a passport from the Emperor Nicholas opened to him Siberia, and every workshop of Russian arms and secluded source of Russian wealth in the Oural and the Altai. He wandered perfectly without restraint over mountains, and up rivers, to mines, and forges, and smelting-houses, crossing and recrossing his track.

* *Oriental and Western Siberia. A Narrative of Seven Years' Explorations and Adventures in Siberia, Mongolia, the Kirghis Steppes, Chinese Tartary, and Central Asia.* By T. W. Atkinson. With a Map and numerous Illustrations. Published by Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, New York.

as if he was exploring the English lakes or the Welsh hills; and every-where he was received by the Government officials, not only without suspicion or unfriendliness, but with the heartiest hospitality. His explorations were carried on in three different districts. He first examined the great mining region of the Oural, round Ekaterineburg, a seat of industry and wealth laid open and developed by the Demidoffs—the scene of the vast iron manufactures of Russia, where, from the magnetic iron ore, smelted with wood-fires from the boundless forests, they produce the finest bar, and the thinnest and toughest sheet iron, and emulate the delicate fabrics of Berlin; where they cast the cannon, and shot and shell inexhaustible, which supplied without wasting the earthworks of Sevastopol; where, in workshops which rival in appearance those of Birmingham and Sheffield, they furnish the rough, but not ineffective, rifle of the Russian soldier, many of whom probably learned, as hunters of the Oural forests, to use it with such deadly practice in the rifle-pits of the Crimea; and among whose forges the skill of a Russian officer, General Anosoff, recovered for a time the secret of the temper and texture of the Damascus blade. From the Oural Mr. Atkinson passed across the Siberian steppe to the great granite range of Altai, the Golden Mountains, which rise as the northern verge of the central highlands of Asia, and from whence Russia extracts her gold and silver, as she does her iron from the Oural; and this mighty network of Alpine chains, with their snowy peaks and volcanic craters; their many colored rocks of porphyry and jasper; their storm-swept gorges, and swift rivers, and unfathomed lakes, Mr. Atkinson traversed to and fro in all directions, apparently during several years, from the head-waters of the Irtysh to the grim shores of the Baikal Lake. Lastly, he crossed the Russian frontier into the “marches” of the Chinese empire—that immense border wilderness where the Emperor of Peking claims dominion, but whose real lords are the khans and sultans of the Kirghis and Mongol camps, who wear horse-skin coats with the mane flowing down their backs, and many of whom show, by the owl’s feather in their cap, that they are the descendants of Genghis. Here Mr. Atkinson ventured where he thinks no one from the west had been before him; he wandered, as if he had been a robber chief himself, with a retinue of Kalmucks and Kirghisses, over trackless plains of sand, or gravel, or turf, broken through with granite ridges and castellated “*tors*” like the Devon moorlands—sparsely intersected with streams, but dotted with lakes and swamps—fresh ones,

surrounded by belts almost impervious of tall, jungly reeds and grass, and salt ones girdled with beds of red *salsola*, “whose deep crimson, reflected in the crystallized salt, sparkled like chaplets of rubies among diamonds:” he galloped and hunted on the wastes where Genghis, and those before and after him, had bred their horses and begun their march to the west; he took his chance of the hospitality of the deserts, he fought their wolves, he outmaneuvered or browbeat their robbers; he chased their wild boars, and shot their pheasants; he beheld at a distance the houses of the first frontier Chinese town; he saw the edge of the Gobi Desert, the great “Sand river,” three times the area of France, that traverses central Asia, “a vast sandy ocean, with a purple ridge rising up in the distance, like an island in a yellow sea;” he confirmed Humboldt’s remark, that the “Great Altai” of the maps, as distinguished from the Altai to the north, is a mere creation of geographers; and he gazed with admiration and awe on the snow-capped peaks of the Thianschan, or, as he says it ought to be written, Syan-shan, the Celestial Mountains, the northern limit of the valley of Kashgar and Yarkand, a volcanic range eight times as long as the Pyrenees, with its huge culminating mass of the *Bogda Oola*, the “Mons Augustus,” from which it was thought, even by Pallas, that all the mountains of Asia radiated as from a dominant center.

In the Oural and the adjacent mining districts Mr. Atkinson met with samples of most of the precious metals. About Ekaterineburg he says:

“Jaspers are found in a great variety of colors; the most beautiful, a deep green, dark purple, dark violet, gray, and cream color; also a riband jasper with stripes of reddish brown and green. The porphyries are equally fine and varied—some of most brilliant colors. Orlite is also a splendid stone of a deep pink color, with veins of yellow and black: when made into vases it is semi-transparent. Malachite is also used in making tables, and various other articles. The vases are usually of a most classic design—this, with the rich materials in which they are executed, gives them a most magnificent effect; but to be able fully to appreciate such works, they must be seen in the splendid collections at the imperial palaces in St. Petersburg. I have frequently found and painted huge masses of these splendid rocks, of which I have now seventy-two varieties.

“Most magnificent jasper tables are made in this Zavod, inlaid with different colored stones in imitation of birds, flowers, and foliage. In 1853 I saw one of them in Ekaterineburg on

which four or five men had been employed for six years—not an uncommon circumstance; indeed, some examples have occupied a longer period. The cost of labor alone in England—provided the material were found there—would effectually prevent such work ever being executed in our country. Here wages are almost nothing; I have seen a man engaged carving foliage on some of the jasper vases, in a style not excelled any where in Europe, whose wages were *three shillings and eight pence per month*, with two poods, or thirty-six pounds, of rye flour per month, to make into bread—meat he is never supposed to eat. I have seen another man cutting a head of Ajax, after the antique, in jasper of two colors—the ground a dark green, and the head a yellowish cream color—in very high relief, and intended for a brooch. It was a splendid production of art, and would have raised the man to a high position in any country in Europe, except Russia. He also, poor man! received his three shillings and eightpence per month, and his bread. There are many men employed in these productions possessing great genius; were they free to use their talents for their own benefit, this country might send into civilized Europe numerous works of vast merit. A married man with a family receives two poods of black flour for his wife and one pood for each child, on which they live and look stout.

"I have watched men cutting the emerald, topaz, amethyst, aquamarina, and other stones into different shapes; which they do with perfect accuracy and in good taste. Some of these brilliant gems have no doubt ere this adorned imperial majesty. These men also receive a like remuneration.

"The following is the rate of wages paid to the superintendents and workmen employed in the cutting and polishing works. Two superintendents or master-workmen, each of whom receives two hundred and forty roubles banco per annum—about £11 sterling—and their 'black flour'—rye. There are also one hundred and sixty workmen employed, divided into four classes:

A first-class workman receives	4 roubles banco	per month	= 3s. 6d.
A second-class do. do.	3 do.	do.	= 2s. 9d.
A third-class do. do.	2 do.	do.	= 1s. 10d.
A fourth-class do., or boys,	1 do.	do.	= 11d.
And their black bread."			

In this far-off region, so remote from civilized climes and people, the follies and vices of over-civilization seem to reign to a surprising degree. Says Mr. Atkinson:

"A traveler from the most civilized parts of Europe, who should come to the Oural to gratify his curiosity, would not find a very remarkable

difference between the style of living in this region among the wealthy, and that of the same class in his own country. He would find the ladies handsomely clad in dresses made from the best products of the looms of France and England; and would be welcomed at the fireside, and on all occasions, with a generous hospitality seldom met with elsewhere. If asked to dinner, he would find placed on the board a repast that would not disgrace the best hotels of the same countries. Fish and game of every kind are most abundant here, and luxuries from far-distant regions are not wanting. Wines of the finest quality, and in great variety, are ever found at their tables; the only drawback to comfort being the quantity of champagne the traveler is obliged to drink."

Furthermore, in regard to their habits, our author informs us:

"The elder people spend their time at cards, risking much money in this way. It is deeply to be regretted that the young men are also much addicted to gambling—a pursuit which often ends in ruin here as elsewhere. During my stay in the Oural, a young officer shot himself on account of his losses at cards.

"Even the fair sex in Ekaterineburg pass much of their time in card-playing. I am acquainted with one family where there are no less than eleven children; there is not a day in the year during which their mother spends less than five or six hours at cards, unless prevented by sickness; and when once she sits down to the card-table, husband, children, and all, are forgotten. I know another lady here, the principal business of whose life is card-playing. She has a moderate income, and passes her days and most of her nights at cards; she has her daily rounds, and goes with as much exactness to her haunts as the most punctual merchant to his office. Ten o'clock in the morning is her hour of business: the tables are opened and the cards placed. If no one calls before this hour, she goes forth to her usual occupation, and seeks some one among her friends who will indulge her in a second rubber; and so the time passes till dinner. After dining she sleeps a couple of hours, and wakes quite fresh for her favorite pursuit. In the evening she has no difficulty, for many are willing to play: thus the time is spent till a late hour.

"At one of the large mining towns in the Altai, there lives a man who has become rich from gold-mines, and is a celebrated card-player. It is no unusual circumstance for him to visit St. Petersburg; and as Ekaterineburg is about midway between the capital and his place of residence,

he is sometimes obliged to stop on the way to repair carriages, after a run of more than two thousand versts—in fact, it is often absolutely necessary. This man's fame having spread far and wide, his detention in the town for the first time was an event which afforded the lady I have just alluded to the utmost delight; she could not permit such an opportunity to pass without trying a rubber with so renowned a champion. At her particular request a friend arranged that they should meet at dinner. She has been heard to say, no hours ever dragged so slowly as on that forenoon—still the sun ran his course, and, directly dinner was over, down they sat to cards. The evening went on with varied success, the lady was enraptured, and rose from the table the winner of a large sum. She invited her opponent to play the next day; after some demur he consented, and the following day the contest was renewed, and continued till she had lost all. Nothing daunted, she urged him again to defer his journey for four-and-twenty hours, as her half-year's income would arrive by the post the following morning. But then came a difficulty about getting the money at once, as there was some formality which would delay it a day or two. After much trouble, she persuaded the person to whom it was consigned to waive the usual form, and let her have the money immediately. She got it, and so strong was her ruling passion, that every moment seemed lost till seated at the card-table. In a few hours she left it without a kopeck—her half-year's income entirely gone!"

Among these stern scenes, where winter is long and hard, and toil is severe and ill-requited—a land of prison or exile to civilized men, where powerful and relentless repression and the wild successful lawlessness of centuries meet and border—there must be much misery. But a genuine and open-handed hospitality is the bright common feature of the Russian mining town and the freebooters' camp. Mr. Atkinson slept in perfect security in the tent, and within a few feet, of the Kirghis robber, who, he knew, was going to waylay him the next day in the open desert. "I had no fear," he says, "that we should be molested while staying in the *aul*."

From the Oural region Mr. Atkinson passed into the country of the Kirghis. He tells us that he began his mountain experiences by letting his watch fall over a ledge with a roaring torrent below. The trinket was rather too valuable, especially in such remote lands, to be left behind, so he had himself let down after it with the reins of the horses made into a rope, and he

secured the prize quite uninjured hanging to a bush!

Here is a description of a Kirghis "*aul*," as Mr. Atkinson saw it in our days. It was just *such* a camp, with its black felt tents, and its droves all around it on the plain of horses and camels, and sheep and kine; with its wild life of fierce passion and love of plunder, blended with a pastoral quietness; its herdsmen robbers, with their terrible battle-axes—a camp of the same Turkish blood and language that Othman and Orkhan ruled over by the Bithynian Sangarius, and in which the Greeks from Byzantium visited the fathers of the Ottoman empire. Every thing there—language, race, features, dress, arms, habits of life and war—is the same as it was in the days of Attila, of Genghiz, of Tövmir, when the devastating stream poured forth on the land of cultivation and law:

"From this bank of four or five versts we saw a large *aul* on the shore of a small lake, with great herds of horses and camels going slowly toward it. This was a delightful sight to us, as we rode our horses down the bank, and were very soon passing through an immense herd of camels, being driven in from several different points; great numbers of sheep we could see already around the encampment. As we rode along the Kirghis eyed us keenly—no doubt wondering who and what we were. A Cossack had been sent on to announce our coming to the chief; approaching nearer the dogs began to greet us with a very loud barking—they were a pack of savage-looking rascals who would bite as well as bark when the opportunity served. They kept close in attendance with their music till we nearly reached the *aul*, and were only induced to retreat by the whips of the Kirghis, who had ridden out to meet us. They led me up to a large *yourt*, at the door of which a long spear, with a tuft of black horse-hair on it, was standing. A fine old man took hold of the reins of my bridle and gave me his hand to dismount—to refuse his assistance would have been an insult. He then conducted me into his *yourt*; a beautiful Bokharian carpet was spread, on which he placed me, seating himself on the *voilock* near. I invited him to a seat on his own carpet, which afforded evident satisfaction to all those assembled in the *yourt*.

"He was upward of sixty years old, stout and square-built, with broad features; a fine, flowing gray beard; a pair of small, piercing eyes; and a countenance not disagreeable. He wore on his head a closely-fitting silk cap, beautifully embroidered in silver; his dress being a long robe,

or kalat of pink and yellow striped silk, tied round the waist with a white shawl; his boots were of reddish-brown leather, small, with very high heels, causing him, I thought, some difficulty in walking. His wife was much younger—I supposed not more than thirty, or, at most, thirty-five years of age. She wore a black *kanfa*—Chinese satin—kalat, with a red shawl tied round the waist; boots of the same color and make as her husband's; a white muslin cap rather pointed, with lappets hanging down at the sides nearly as low as her waist, beautifully worked on the edge with red silk. Her face was broad, with high cheek-bones; little, black, twinkling eyes; a small nose, and a wide mouth: nor was there any thing either prepossessing or pretty in her appearance. While examining her features, I could not help thinking how much a Russian bath would improve the tints of her yellow skin and complexion. There were three young children—one boy about five years old, dressed in a yellow and red striped kalat, his only garment; the other two little sturdy urchins were younger—they were rolling about on the *voilocks* perfectly naked, and playing with a young goat, who every now and then stepped back, made a spring forward, and sent one of them sprawling.

"Near the door a fine hawk was chained to a perch stuck in the ground. The *yourt* was formed of willow trellis-work, put together with untanned strips of skins, made into compartments which fold up. It was a circle of thirty-four feet in diameter, five feet high to the springing of the dome, and twelve feet in the center. This dome is formed of bent rods of willow, one a quarter-inch diameter, put into the mortice-holes of a ring, about four feet across, which secures the top of the dome, admits light, and lets out the smoke. The lower ends of the willow rods are tied with leather thongs to the top of the trellis-work at the sides, which renders it quite strong and secure. The whole is then covered with large sheets of *voilock*, made of wool and camel's hair, fitting close, making it water-tight and warm. A small aperture in the trellis-work forms a doorway, over which a piece of *voilock* hangs down and closes it; but in the daytime this is rolled up and secured on the top of the *yourt*. Such is the dwelling of a great and wealthy chief in the steppe.

"The furniture and fittings of these dwellings are exceedingly simple; the fire being made on the ground in the center of the *yourt*; directly opposite to the door *voilocks* are spread; on these stand sundry boxes, which contain the different articles of clothing, pieces of Chinese silk, tea,

dried fruits, *ambas* of silver—small squares about two and a half inches long, one inch and a half wide, and about three-tenths of an inch thick. Some of the Kirghis possess large quantities of these *ambas*, which are carefully hoarded up. Above these boxes are bales of Bokharian and Persian carpets, some of great beauty and value. In another part of the *yourt* is the large leathern *koumis* sack, completely covered up with *voilock*, to keep it warm and aid the fermentation."

Traveling was by no means without adventures. Bears, wolves, serpents, and tarantulas abounded in various parts, and we are regaled with numerous traveler's yarns of dangers from these enemies of man. Here is a curious story, and one which will be apt to give the reader a distaste for traveling in the region spoken of:

"Serpents and tarantulas abounded here. The ground was quite covered with their webs and holes; and as we rode over it many of these venomous insects were killed by our horses. I was curious to see them in their little dens, and dismounted to make a nearer acquaintance. I quickly came upon a large web, indicating a manufacturer on a great scale. I drew my long knife and touched it, when out he rushed, fixed his fangs on the steel for a moment, and then retreated into his hole. When the Kirghis observed me begin to dig him out, they were afraid that I should be bitten, but I took especial care to keep my fingers beyond his reach. I rolled him out of the sand, and again he sprang at the blade—evidently much enraged at being disturbed. His body was dark brown and black, and very ugly. Leaving him to seek or dig another dwelling, I mounted my horse, and left this venomous spot. The Kirghis have a great dread of these little reptiles, but the sheep eat them with impunity and relish."

Who eats the sheep?

We must close with a bear story, told on the shores of Lake Baikal:

"Our steersman, who was a great Nimrod, related a circumstance which happened to himself on this spot a few years before. Three of the villagers came here to hunt in the forest above. They got separated—two of them following a bear, and the third another, which turned toward the upper part of the glen, where he pursued him till dusk, but without success. After this he returned to the camp, expecting to find his friends, but they had not arrived—hour after hour passed, and they did not appear. He was under no apprehension about their safety, and sat down to his evening meal. When this was ended, he piled several logs on the fire, and was soon fast

asleep. Two or three hours had passed, when he was awoke by something near him, and turning his head he observed, by the light of his fire, a large bear going down the bank to the little stream. He divined the object of the brute in an instant. Bruin was going for water to put the fire out; then intending to devour his victim. It was the work of a moment for the hunter to seize his rifle which was at hand, and wait for his return. Presently he was heard in the water, was watched ascending the bank, and when fairly in the light of the fire, he received a bullet that rolled him down the bank dead. It is a fact well known, that the bear will not attack a man when sleeping by a fire, but will first go into the water, saturate his fur, then return, put out the fire, and devour his victim at his leisure."

In conclusion, we may say that those who desire to know more of Siberia—its climate, minerals, mountains, rivers, products, and of the customs of the people thereof—may either ascertain the same for themselves by individual inspection, as did Mr. Atkinson; or failing in that, may take his word for it, as we have done.

ANGEL WHISPERS.

BY WAIF WOODLAND.

In the silence of thy chamber,
When the world is hushed to rest,
When the waves of thought are kindled
By the moonbeams on thy breast,
Comes there not sometimes a spirit,
With a sad, foreboding tone,
Telling thee, with startling pathos,
That "*this world is not thy home*?"
Speaks it not with stern reproving
Of thy *worse* than wasted hours—
Of the low and wicked passions
Which enslave thy heaven-born powers?
Strives it not to lure thy footsteps
From earth's vanity and strife,
To a better, nobler purpose,
To a more exalted life?
'Tis a God-commissioned angel,
With its errand from the skies;
Striving earnestly to save thee
From that death that never dies.
Trifle not! O, should it leave thee
Hopeless, by its final flight,
Dark despair would plunge thy spirit
In the depths of blackest night—
Night that dreams not of a morning,
While eternal cycles roll;
With increasing weight of anguish,
Ever preying on the soul.
Sinner, pause! each moment bears thee
Nearer to that living tomb;
Fly to Christ, ere Mercy's angel,
Weeping, turns to seal thy doom.

APRIL.

BY MINERVA OSBORN.

WHEN March resigned his crown,
And laid the scepter down,
The modest princess April came,
To grace the year with gentler reign.

The gentle-hearted child,
With brow all pure and mild,
Came with such soft, engaging wiles,
Old Winter could not bide her smiles.
When first the truant winds betrayed
That she the royal scepter swayed,
He bade at once his troops arise,
And shouted sternly from the skies,
"We'll not give up our rightful sway,
But meet our foes in bold array."

When April heard his war-cry wild,
The wily princess only smiled:
Then gathering all her minstrels round,
They swept their harps of sweetest sound,
Till Winter less severely frowned.
And plucking flowers of odor rare,
She laughing decked his forehead bare;
When mindful that such gentle charms
Were not for warriors fam'd in arms,
Half vexed such novel foes to meet,
Old Winter ordered quick retreat.

Peace reigns above, around;
Joy rules the world of sound;
Fragrance lades every zephyr's wing,
While April incense gives to spring.

The broad, protecting sky,
An azure sea on high,
Bears ships upon its peaceful breast—
White fleecy ships, that seem at rest,
Save when some wave of air
Fills full each sail so fair;
Then to and fro, in swan-like motion,
They float upon the ether ocean.

Silvery sounds and clear,
Ring welcome on the ear;
Birds, brooks, and winds unite their song,
Till our own hearts the notes prolong.

Ah, changeful April! now
Thou hast a tranquil brow;
But th' frowning storm will come,
And hide this smiling sun.
Impatient winds will moan and fret;
Cold rains these velvet fields will wet;
Thou'lt chill the flowers thou hast caressed,
And freeze the buds thy warmth hast blest;
But when thy wayward fit is o'er,
Thou'lt smile more sweetly than before.

APPROACHING SPRING.

Lo! thundering on his path,
The usurper king prolongs his tyrant reign;
Yet timid Flora, trembling at his wrath,
Still slow and sure her rightful rule doth gain;
But when rich music stirs the nested tree,
And insect life exalts—shall I be there to see?

REV. JAMES V. WATSON, D. D.

BY REV. E. Q. FULLER.

JAMES V. WATSON was born in London, England, in the year 1814. His father was a laborer; industrious, moral, and for many years a member of the Methodist Church. His mother was of a higher social class, but of a family peculiarly reduced by reverses of fortune. She possessed marked natural abilities, a liberal education for one of her rank, and deep piety. By her James was consecrated to God for the service of the Christian ministry in infancy, and his maternal training, eminently careful and pious, ever had the holy calling primarily in view.

When James was from six to eight years old, Mr. Watson emigrated to America with his family—numbering six or seven persons—leaving England with a scanty provision for the voyage. He debarked in Canada, remained in the lower Province a few months, and removed to the States, performing the journey through New York to a navigable point on the Alleghany river in a state of great destitution. Passing down the Alleghany, thence the Ohio river, he landed at Cincinnati, and settled near that place. A few years after he removed to Indiana, near Wilmington, Dearborn county, where he subsequently died, in the hopes of the Gospel.

James seems always to have been a favorite of his mother. This probably was owing chiefly to the fact that he was in infancy feeble. Though blessed with an iron frame—or it could not have defied death as long as it did—it was greatly weakened by a constitutional defect. In early life he suffered from a chronic scrofulous disease, which, finally concentrating upon the trachea and bronchia, produced the severest type of spasmodic asthma. Besides, he was affectionate, sprightly, fond of study, and apt to learn.

The deep interest Mrs. Watson felt in the future calling of her son appears in the following incident. As the emigrants, descending the river, passed Pittsburg, she called James to her side, and directed his attention to the city, remarking that its numerous iron works gave it the appearance of old Birmingham, England. This reference to Birmingham reminded Mrs. Watson of the land and friends they had left, and also of the wilderness to which they had come. Tearfully she impressed upon his mind the value of those, and the toils and privations incident to this; adding, the parents had come to America to endure and to die, that their children might eventually enjoy greater spheres of usefulness and honor. "But," she whispered, with quivering lip, pressing

him to her heart, "James, if I could but see the day, though thirty years hence, that you preach the Gospel in that great city, I shall die happy; or if, having fallen under the burdens of life, I can look down from above and witness your ministry, and that a worthy one, I shall be more than paid for all I can do or suffer for you." James was so deeply affected by this incident that in his mind it ever retained a living freshness.

Mr. Watson spent most of his youth at home in the duties of the new farm. His educational advantages were the most meager—none. But his desire for learning, even in youth, was an unquenchable thirst. Once he went to Cincinnati to labor for money to spend in schooling. Sickness, however, soon compelled him to return home. From his mother he learned to read, and received such aid as her time, learning, and scanty supply of text-books would allow. Happily the principal of the latter, for their number, were the best in the world—the Bible and the Dictionary. From the former of these he received those principles which developed in him a sound philosophy; and the study of the latter is the secret and source of a versatility, both in speaking and writing, seldom equaled. Every spare moment during the day, and evenings, frequently till midnight, or after, with the bark of hickory for a lamp, he spent in hard study, chiefly of these books. When at work he was constantly revolving in his mind the truths of one, or fixing in his memory the words of the other.

Mr. Watson was converted to God and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in his fourteenth year—1828—under the ministry of Revs. N. B. Griffith and E. G. Wood, then traveling Lawrenceburg circuit—Indiana—Illinois conference. His religious experience was clear, decided. On the 24th of March, 1832, he was licensed to exhort. In July following he went to Missouri, with an intention of laboring in the ministry as circumstances might dictate. He was received into the Missouri annual conference on trial, at the session held at Pilot Grove, Cooper county, Missouri, commencing September 13, 1832, being in the eighteenth year of his age. Mr. Watson's first charge was West Prairie, a six weeks' circuit, from five to six hundred miles around, embracing a membership of one hundred and ninety-four. He labored here alone, traveling and preaching almost daily, and left the work, at the close of the year, with two hundred and twenty-two members. The year following his appointment was Farmington circuit, a new work, which he left with three hundred and forty-four members. At the next session of the conference, held at Bell-

view, Missouri, Mr. Watson was received into full connection in the conference, ordained deacon—September 14, 1834—by Bishop Roberts, and, before the conference adjourned, located. The cause of this sudden location was the news of the death of his father, accompanied with an urgent request from his mother to return to Indiana, which he did immediately.

These two years of missionary life were necessarily years of arduous labor and great exposure. And though they were accompanied with great success, it might be thought unfortunate that Mr. Watson ever visited Missouri. Suffering from chronic disease—as has been stated—exposure in the rains and swamps incident to an itinerant of that day and place, greatly aggravated it, and caused it to develop in the form already named—spasmodic asthma—to frequent attacks of which he had at this time become subject. But though these labors may be regarded as among the causes of years of indescribable suffering, such was the faith of the sufferer in a wise and merciful Providence, working all things together for good, that he rejoiced in this tribulation for Christ's sake, trusting all was for the best, and remembering the things which are to come. How these things were working together for good may hereafter be illustrated in part.

Upon his return to Indiana, Mr. Watson spent a few weeks under the paternal roof, and again entered upon the work of the ministry, being appointed junior preacher on Vevay circuit, Indiana conference—which had been organized in 1832—where he labored with acceptability and success, with Rev. James Jones the remainder, nearly all, the year. At the next ensuing session of the Indiana conference—October, 1835—he was received into that body, and appointed junior preacher on Lawrenceburg circuit, with Revs. R. Lewis and D. Stiver. The reason for this appointment—with two others—was the feeble state of Mr. Watson's health, which in a few weeks failed. In addition to fever and asthma, he now suffered a temporary aberration of mind. But this was of short duration and without lasting effect. High fever or severe asthma, during its continuance, generally more or less affected his brain. Upon recovery he attended school a few weeks, the only time in his life; and in the ensuing spring, April 20, 1836, was married to Miss Hannah Miller, who yet survives him. Not having as yet recovered sufficient health to warrant re-entering upon pastoral duties, he commenced trade in dry goods in Dillsboro, Indiana; and at his request the conference, in October, granted him a location. No sooner however, was he able to

preach, which was early in the conference year, than he closed business, and started for a circuit. He was sent by the elder to Franklin, a work deserted, or refused, by the one appointed to it, for the want of, or fear of wanting, a competent support. One or two preachers had been literally "starved out" on this work. Mr. Watson succeeded well; a good work of grace occurred, and he was abundantly supplied with temporal comforts. He was readmitted to the conference in 1837, and appointed in charge of Columbus circuit. While there his residence was Edinburg; then a sickly place, and that a sickly season. Before sufficient time to make the acquaintance of his people had elapsed, he was again stricken down with severe illness, and the year was spent alternating between the "shakes," fever, and asthma. Unable to preach, his time, when able, was spent in a drug-store, reading a course of medicine and earning a scanty living. Mrs. Watson was ill most of the year; much of the time dangerously so. The people generally on the circuit were little better off than the preacher. Under these circumstances, of course, the preacher's allowance was unpaid; and this was, indeed, a "hard year," but the only one Mr. Watson ever experienced in the ministry—the only one in which he failed of either a competent support or encouraging prosperity. At the time of the conference in 1838 he was confined to his bed, and was placed upon the superannuated list. Soon after conference kind friends removed him—both himself and wife being carried upon beds—to a comfortable home, where good care and a more wholesome climate gradually restored them. Mr. Watson, however, never fully recovered. He left Columbus a confirmed asthmatic—an invalid for life. In a few months we find him again engaged in mercantile business; but, as health allowed, he commenced preaching, and before another session of the conference, had closed business, and prepared again to enter the itinerant ranks. He could but live in the work of the ministry, and he determined to die in it. His desire for learning has been called an unquenchable *thirst*. His love of preaching and the varied duties of the minister was an unquenchable *fire*. With unchecked zeal he returns to the pulpit.

At the next session of the conference he was ordained elder—October 6, 1839—by Bishop Roberts, and appointed to White Pigeon, Michigan, the south-western port of that state, then belonging to the Indiana conference. During this conference year the Michigan conference was made to embrace all of the state of Michigan, thus bringing Mr. Watson into that conference. An

incident occurred this year, which, as it exerted a controlling influence over the whole of Mr. Watson's future life, has a deeply-interesting sequel, and affords, in part, a happy index to his character, must not pass unnoticed. His oneness of purpose has already appeared. His determination to succeed in his work was no less ardent than his love for the work. He had become deeply interested in the life and labors, and especially the pulpit powers, of Rev. John Summerfield. Riding on horseback from one of his appointments, he was reading—as was his wont—an address of this eloquent divine, delivered in New York at an anniversary of the American Bible Society. He became absorbed in one of its passages, and in some demonstration of ecstasy his pony became frightened, ran into the woods, and deposited his rider in the top of a fallen tree, without further injury, however, than slightly-torn garments and marred face. Here he read and reread the passage that so delighted him, and reviewed his favorite character. Anew he consecrated himself to God and the work of the ministry, and formed new purposes of study. Further, he solemnly covenanted with God that he would increase his diligence in the use of every means of usefulness and improvement within reach; go any where, do any work the Church might appoint; suffer as much, as long, and in what manner Infinite wisdom and goodness might dictate for the glory of God or his own good, if God would bless his labors so that he might excel as a minister of Jesus, and at some time wield a power in the pulpit comparable with that of Summerfield. Before reaching home he turned aside, renewed the covenant, and sealed it with the most solemn vows. A few days after, apparently by accident, he met with a small portrait of his ideal, which he purchased, and placed in his study. Ever after that portrait was where he could see it most. It hung by his death-bed, and was one of the last and dearest objects upon which his eyes rested before he went hence. Faithfully he kept his covenant. Text-books, especially upon belles-lettres and the Latin and Greek languages, were studied with an energy becoming his vows, and mastered with a success indicating Divine favor.

From White Pigeon Mr. Watson was appointed successively to Niles, Adrian, and Marshall, staying in each place but a year, though wanted a lifetime; the Church always blessed, and more or less increased in numbers under his ministry. To Marshall he was returned a second year, but, by permission of his charge, went, immediately after conference, to Indiana, to visit his friends,

where, by an accident to a member of his family, he was detained three months, and, by his request, the pulpit at Marshall was supplied for the year. As ever, he found something to do while thus unexpectedly detained. The neighborhood where he was visiting was destitute of a church, but greatly needed one. He shouldered his ax, led the way to the woods, and in ten days had the pleasure of seeing a comfortable one built of logs, finished, out of debt, and dedicated.

When he returned to Michigan the Northville charge was vacant. Mr. Watson was appointed to it, and a great revival accompanied his labors. At the next session of the conference—October, 1844—he was appointed to the First Charge in Detroit, where he enjoyed another year of pastoral prosperity. His pious mother, having seen her son an approved and successful minister of the Lord Jesus, this year fell asleep. At the conference of 1845 he was appointed agent of the American Bible Society for the state of Michigan, in which work he traveled about one and a half years with marked efficiency, when his enfeebled health forbade continuance in the work, and at the conference of 1847 he was numbered with the superannuated. He now settled in Adrian, Michigan, and for a livelihood published a small newspaper. The pulpit, as a field of labor, was still Mr. Watson's choice, but his health had so completely failed as to forbid re-entering the pastoral work. Indeed, much of the time that he served as Bible agent he was obliged, from feebleness, to travel, between paroxysms of asthma, upon a bed. But being helped into the pulpit, and becoming electrified with his theme, he preached to crowded houses with astonishing effect. His paper met with much more than ordinary patronage, and was continued till he removed to Chicago, in the fall of 1852, to enter upon the duties of editor of the North-Western Christian Advocate, to which office he was elected by the General conference which met in Boston in May of the same year.

Mr. Watson commenced his labors as editor of an official Church paper with vigor, prosecuted them with marked ability, and closed his term of office with brilliant success. As a writer, he was strong, independent, versatile, and prolific; nervous, and sometimes extravagant; sharp without sourness; facile without duplicity; abounding in correct principles; happy in illustration, and, of course, sometimes profuse. As an editor, he was devoted to his calling, eminently watchful of current events, in lively sympathy with the times, liberal and impartial toward correspondents, courteous in controversy, fearless but not

rash, progressive yet patient. His paper was generally a model in purity, variety, sprightliness, and brotherly-kindness. These elements conspired to make him one of the first of journalists.

In December, 1853, Mr. Watson took part in the services of the anniversary of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, held in Cincinnati. On this visit he met a layman of the city, retired from business, who, though not aware he had ever seen him before, was lavish of courtesies toward him. This brother, though he does not yet know it, is the same for whom Mr. Watson labored in a lumber-yard at fifty cents per day—whose horses he had groomed and whose boots he had blacked a little more than twenty years previous, when he came to this same place to earn money to help him to an education. This is but an illustration of the triumphs of his energy. But of such triumphs he never boasted, and seldom spoke even to his most intimate friends.

We come now to the most interesting and perhaps instructive incident in this brief sketch. Mr. Watson's admiration of Summerfield and his repeated vows at White Pigeon will be remembered. Though years of untold suffering had since passed, his zeal to do good, especially in the pulpit, though forced by disease from the pastorate, had not waned. His covenant, like the picture of Summerfield, had ever been before his mind, and he had labored to the utmost of his strength to fulfill it, and never feared that God would not keep his part. This consciousness of obedience and implicit faith is the only secret—his energy and indomitable will were no secret—the writer has been able to discover of that elasticity, buoyancy, and hopefulness for which Mr. Watson was proverbial. In October, 1855, the most extensive and perfect arrangements for the anniversary of the Sunday School Union of the Methodist Episcopal Church, to be held in New York and Brooklyn, had been made that ever were since the organization of the Union. Public interest had been thoroughly aroused. Mr. Watson was one of the speakers, and this was his first visit to New York. On Monday evening, October 22d, he addressed a meeting in Sands-Street Church, Brooklyn. Here he made one of the happiest efforts of his life; and at the close of the services quite the first words said to Mr. Watson were the following, from a venerable father in the Church, as he extended his hand, "Why, brother Watson, you've beat Summerfield's great Bible speech!" referring to the effort of Summerfield named in the incident at White Pigeon, which this brother had heard from the

lips of that saintly minister. Presently he was greeted from another direction with, "Brother Watson, did you know you had made your speech to-night over the dust of Summerfield?" At the moment he had forgotten that Summerfield was not buried under the church known by his name. "There," continued the brother, seeing Mr. Watson's surprise, and pointing beneath the altar, "Summerfield sleeps there." Such remarks were there repeated several times in his hearing by those who had heard Summerfield. Mr. Watson's feelings may be imagined. Let it suffice to say, he could scarcely restrain his emotions or command strength to leave the house. On the following evening the closing services of the anniversary occurred in Green-Street Church, New York; Mr. Watson making the concluding address, which was received with even more enthusiasm than the one in Sands-Street Church.

From this time may be dated the decline of his remaining physical strength. Before his life was to him a charmed one. The spell was now broken. His disease, also, on the opening of spring, assumed the consumptive type.

A visit to Pittsburg, scarcely less providential or suggestive than the one just narrated, can only be named here. It was on the occasion of the anniversary of the Tract Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in February, 1856. Then he preached the Gospel of Christ in the city his mother had pointed to and prayed over thirty years before.

Mr. Watson was the first on the list of delegates from the Michigan conference to the General conference of 1856. He went to the General conference, though in great, very great feebleness; attended most of its daily sessions, and wrote, through an amanuensis, a letter almost daily for his paper. He was reelected editor of the North-Western Christian Advocate, and returned to Chicago and recommenced his duties with accustomed, if not renewed zeal and ability, and so continued in them to the last week—ay, the last day—of his life. In July of this year the Indiana Asbury University conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity upon him, under circumstances peculiarly complimentary.

On the 17th of October, 1856, this man of God passed from our sight. Though he had numbered but forty-two years, he came to his "grave in a full age, as a shock of corn cometh in his season." Of the touching scenes of his parting hours, space here will not allow a mention; but his departure, like that of Jesus, was an ascension from duties newly done.

Further of this good man but little will be

added here. His cheerfulness was a perpetual sunshine. Even the clouds with which he was so much shaded shone with a rainbow beauty—with the light of heaven. His conversational powers were unlimited as our boundless prairies, charming as they when covered with flowers, and sparkling as those flowers brilliant with dewy crystals. At his own fireside, which, because of ill-health, he was seldom privileged to enjoy, he combined the gentleness of a dove, the authority of a king, and the providence of a father. Speaking of his domestic relations, Dr. Dempster, in his able funeral sermon, justly says: "There was one that never ceased to share in his sufferings. These were more intense in the night, which her sleepless vigilance never found too long. With a tenderness and patience which are the qualities of no mind but woman's, she, with her angel presence, cheered the dreary scenes of his agonies. Her ministrations were controlled by that mysterious law which deepens our interest in those we love as their sufferings exhaust our resources to relieve."

As a speaker Dr. Watson's magic power has already been referred to in some of the incidents narrated. Upon an analysis of his oratorical powers the writer will not enlarge, but add a few sentences from a pen far more able and experienced. Says Dr. Dempster, in the sermon already quoted from, "Those qualities which combine in an orator certainly invested his mind. *Force* is the expressive monosyllable comprehending those high endowments. It implies that rapidity of conception whose emblem is the darting ray—that celerity of combination undistinguishable from intuition—that taste for the beautiful, which rises to a passion—that love of the right, which kindles into worship—that profound awe, felt no where but at the infinite Presence. Another of the highest attributes of oratorical strength belonged, in no ordinary degree, to Dr. Watson. I allude to the power of *reproduction*. In his most kindled performances this was wielded with subduing influence. Then were the actors in far-distant scenes made to reappear before you, and act over again the part long since finished. The old prophets in their gloomy grandeur—the heroic apostles, wielding the power of the Highest—the great Teacher, with three worlds at his command—the triumphant martyrs, mounting to heaven in the flames that consumed them—these sublime actors were again on the stage before you, evoked from the forgotten places of the dead once more to thrill the living. This dramatic element, pertaining to no medium mind, gave to his performances their richest entertainment."

Dr. Watson's sermons were seldom written; even his "notes" were generally brief, and in later years he preached mostly without any "notes." He studied the subject of his discourse; then treated in the pulpit extemporaneously. This method of pulpit preparation led him into the error of too great generalization in his sermons. He startled his hearers with clear views of the headlands of truth; but sometimes failed to make them see and feel its connections and applications. His themes were evangelical and practical; carefully suited to seasons and circumstances. The latter fact compensated greatly for want of detail, as what is already in the public mind is more readily grasped, retained, applied; and all combined to make his sermons suggestive—to awaken thought in his hearers.

Is it asked what was the secret, the latent cause, of these marked attainments—this wonderful success under apparently-insurmountable difficulties? It shall be answered in a word—**ENERGY**. Whatever his original mental peculiarities, they did not make him what he was. He was self-made. He had no confidence in genius, but denied its existence, and regarded *industry* as the highest natural endowment. He succeeded because he *would*. And this, in such circumstances as he was placed, is the highest encomium that can be pronounced upon human effort. As has been intimated, it is not improbable that Dr. Watson's almost superhuman acuteness of mind was attributable, to some extent, to his intense and long-continued suffering. By it his whole frame became sensitive as the apple of an eye, and this sensitiveness seems to have been communicated to the soul. Asthma affected his brain, and in its severest paroxysms he saw visions of brightest beauty, heavenly beatitudes, and sometimes scenes the most terrific, deformities the most horrid. Repeated almost daily for years, such states of mind must have made lasting impressions. Under the influence of mental culture, devout piety, and the divine Spirit, they become but the master's hand that tunes the viol. Thus the soul became harmonized to the softest tones, and practiced, like the painter's eye, to slightest shades, and quickened, like a tender nerve, to the gentlest touch. His became almost a spiritualized existence. Of his Christian character it is enough to say here, that he had loved God supremely for more than a quarter of a century.

Let the example of his labors be as the voice of God to young men; and in his afflictions let us again read, "All things shall work together for good to them that love God."

EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Scripture Cabinet.

ARE YOU HAPPY—FULLY HAPPY?—About five years ago there was published at Lausanne, Switzerland, a pamphlet with the above title. It is constructed very ingeniously; a summary of its statements can not fail to be instructive, and is altogether appropriate to our Scripture Cabinet.

Eight gentlemen, old friends, enjoying a good reputation as honorable and upright men, are traveling together. While on their excursion they address to one another this question: "*Are you happy—fully happy?*" Each one of them speaks from the heart with frankness, and without reserve; and the following are the answers which they successively give.

The Banker. "I have acquired, by long and honest endeavors, a large and brilliant fortune. All my wants are easily satisfied without diminishing my capital or my income. I fear nothing for my terrestrial future. My funds are placed in stocks of a reliable and solid basis. The poor envy my lot, while the wealthy admire the success of my operations. I possess an amiable family. My wife and my children combine to spare me the least degree of trouble, and to render agreeable each day of my life. Nevertheless, I am not happy; no, my friends, I am not fully happy. There is one thing which troubles me, which poisons my joys, and which casts a funereal pall over the decline of my life; that one thing is the thought that all these goods, these riches, this dear family, these sweet affections, are transient, perishable, and that very soon I shall lose them forever. My heart is sad and cast down."

The Colonel. "I have known the glory of arms, and the intoxicating triumphs of war. How has my heart swelled with pride, when, at the head of my soldiers, I have prostrated the battalions and scaled the ramparts of the enemy; or when, after the victory, I have beheld my name cited with honor in the bulletins of the commander-in-chief! It seemed to me that no human destiny was more noble than my own. But now a terrible sentence re-echoes in my ears. One day, after a deadly combat, I walked over the field of battle. Seeing an officer weltering in his blood, I endeavored to lift him up. 'Thank you,' said the dying one, in a languid voice; and turning his head he continued, 'Thank you; but it is too late! we must all die: think upon it, think upon it.' And with his last sigh he uttered this solemn sentence, 'We must all die!' It has fastened itself to my memory like an implacable fury, from which there is no deliverance. I have some moments of joy; but, alas! my friends, I am not fully happy."

The Diplomatist. "Honors have been heaped upon me in my long career. My country, to which I have rendered some service, has generously recompensed the zeal which I have employed for its interests and dignity.

Public gratitude has met me at every step; and the testimony of esteem is greater than I could have expected ever to merit. The poor have been the object of my charities. I have fed them, and clothed them; and they have not been ungrateful. Notwithstanding, I want something: I know not well what it is; but my heart is empty. Often I feel myself inquiet, oppressed, discontented, without any apparent cause for sadness. I have vague desires after an ideal something which I can not reach, and all my honors are insufficient to cure the secret malady of my heart. No, my friends I am not truly happy."

The Poet. "In my youth the Muses were prodigal of their sweetest smiles. I loved to pursue my delightful reveries in the cool retirement of the leafy woods, or on the flowery banks of the streamlet. I soared like an eagle above all the little interests and the frivolous passions of the world. My poetical inspirations were received with universal applause. My name was heard in the most obscure hamlets of my native land; and the fair and beautiful in the public places whispered as I passed, 'It is the poet.' Many, very many, assured me that my glory was immortal. But what is such an immortality? If there are dreamers, or rather fools, who demand nothing more, I leave them to their folly. I aspire to another immortality. The vain incense of men does not satisfy me. I look at the final result—at the only true reality; and, having no positive assurance of that final result, gentlemen, I declare to you with candor, I am not fully happy."

The Man of the World. "For myself I have not such bitter complaints to make. I try to laugh at every thing. My wisdom consists in looking on the bright side of things. It is true that I have sometimes the *ennui*; but what signifies that? I endeavor still to be gay. I go to the theater, to balls, to concerts, and to all sorts of amusements which I find. The best philosophy is to amuse one's self as much as possible." "But," demanded the diplomatist, "when old age, sickness, and adversity come upon you, what will become of your pleasures and amusements?" "Then," replied the worldling, with evident embarrassment, "I will submit to my destiny." "But," continued the diplomatist, "in this uncertainty, are you fully happy?" "No," replied the gentleman of the world, in a deep, low voice; "and, if you absolutely wish that I should confess to you, I avow to you that I am not fully happy."

The old Lawyer. "I have reached the age of three-score years and ten. Health, fortune, reputation, domestic affections—all these I possess. When I was in the midst of business, overwhelmed with continual occupations, and not having a moment for reflection, I sighed after the time when I might take repose. 'Ah!' I often said to myself, 'what a sad life is that of the advocate!

Always processes, always feverish excitement, and heavy labor. But patience and courage! I will acquire by my economies an easy fortune, and I will enjoy perfect contentment before the end of my career.' Well, my friends, I have reached the object of my desires: no more pre-occupations; no more tangled and painful cares. I have as much leisure as any one can wish; but, notwithstanding, contentment is not my heritage. The hours seem to me so long: when I have read my books and newspapers two or three hours, I have enough of them, and I do not know what to do with the rest of the day. My existence is monotonous, withered; and I should be telling an untruth in saying that I am fully happy."

The Religious Professor. "For myself, I have sought my strength and my consolation in religion. I believe in the holiness of the law; I believe in the justice of God; I believe in the final judgment. But my conscience is not tranquil: I do not possess the peace of the Gospel. Death, which is stealing on, fills me with inquietude and fright. Every day I read my Bible, and pray with regularity. On the Sabbath my place is never empty in the house of God. I can assure you that I attend most faithfully to all the ordinances of the Church. Nevertheless, trouble and anguish accompany me everywhere: I always see in God a severe and an angry Judge; and the thought of appearing before his tribunal, with my innumerable sins, fills me with an insurmountable anxiety. No, I am not fully happy; I am not happy at all."

The Christian Physician. "My dear friends, your avowals have caused me no astonishment. The Bible and experience are united in teaching that neither fortune, glory, honors, genius, nor any thing else of this world, can render us fully happy. God has created our hearts for himself; and so long as they are not given to him, they are filled with uneasiness and anguish. I have gone through the same experiences as yourselves. In my youth I adopted the principles of materialism; and notwithstanding the success which I obtained in my profession, I tasted no happiness. But, by the grace of God, I have been snatched from those desolating doctrines. The reading of the Scriptures showed me that I was a sinner; and this conviction was my first step in the new way. Since then I have turned my eyes to 'Christ, and him crucified;' and a penitent trust in my blessed Savior has given me a peace, a contentment, a joy 'which passeth all understanding.' I fear nothing: I know the crown of righteousness is reserved for me in the heavens." "You are then fully happy," said one of the company. "Yes, my friend. I confide in the love, in the fidelity of God, who has given for me his Son, his own Son, in order that I might be rendered happy in this world, and in that which is to come." "You, therefore, do not fear the end," said the Colonel. "No, my dear brother; for that which you call the end is for me the commencement."

CRY ALOUD.—"Cry aloud, spare not; lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and show my people their transgression and the house of Jacob their sins."—*Isaiah lviii, 1.*

The energy of Rev. Rowland Hill's manner at times and the power of his voice, were almost overwhelming. Once, at Wotton, he was completely carried away by the impetuous rush of his feelings, and, raising himself to his full stature, he exclaimed, "Because I am in earnest, men call me enthusiast; but I am not; mine are the words of truth and soberness. When I first came into

this part of the country, I was walking on yonder hill; I saw a gravel pit fall in, and bury three human beings alive. I lifted up my voice for help so loud, that I was heard in the town below, at a distance of a mile; help came, and rescued two of the poor sufferers. No one called me an enthusiast then; and when I see eternal destruction ready to fall upon poor sinners, and about to entomb them irrecoverably in an eternal mass of woe, and call aloud to them to escape, shall I be called an enthusiast now? No, sinner, I am not an enthusiast in so doing; I call on thee aloud to fly for refuge to the hope set before thee in the Gospel of Jesus Christ."

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.—"As is the mother, so is her daughter."—*Ezekiel xvi, 44.*

A minister in the country, who frequently visited a widow lady with one daughter, always heard and complaints from her mother, that her daughter was fond of public amusements. One day when this was repeated, the daughter said, "Mother, who took me first to these places?" Conscience did its office: the mother was silent, and no more was said on the subject.

TRUST IN GOD.—"Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation."—*Habakkuk iii, 17, 18.*

Two religious persons lived in one place, who had been intimately acquainted in early life. Providence favored one of them with a tide of prosperity. The other, fearing for his friend, lest his heart should be overcharged with the cares of this life, and the deceitfulness of riches, one day asked him whether he did not find prosperity a snare to him. He paused, and answered, "I am not conscious that I do, for I enjoy God in all things." Some years after his affairs took another turn. He lost, if not the whole, yet the far greater part of what he had once gained, and was greatly reduced. His old friend, being in his company, renewed his question, whether he did not find what had lately befallen him to be too much for him. Again he paused and answered, "I am not conscious that I do, for now I enjoy all things in God."

THE END OF HUMAN GREATNESS.—"The small and great are there."—*Job iii, 19.*

After Saladin the Great had subdued Egypt, passed the Euphrates, and conquered cities without number—after he had retaken Jerusalem, and performed extraordinary exploits in those wars which superstition had stirred up for the recovery of the Holy Land, he finished his life in the performance of an action which ought to be transmitted to the latest posterity. A moment before he uttered his last sigh, he called the herald, who had carried his banners before him in all his battles; he commanded him to fasten to the top of a lance the shroud in which the dying prince was soon to be buried. "Go," said he, "carry the lance, unfurl the banner; and, while you lift up this standard, proclaim, 'This, this is all that remains of all the glory of Saladin the Great, the conqueror and king of the empire.'"

THE THUNDER OF HIS POWER.—"The thunder of his power who can understand?"—*Job xxvi, 14.*

"Were I fully able to describe God," says Epictetus, "I should be God myself, or God must cease to be what he is."

Notes and Queries.

TYNDALE.—Did Tyndale translate from the Vulgate, or from the original Scriptures? Did he know Hebrew and Greek?

Tyndale, next to Wycliffe the earliest translator of the Bible into English, was educated as a Catholic, and was subsequently a professor of Theology in Oxford University, and, of course, familiar with the Latin Vulgate; and there is no doubt, both from internal and external evidence, that his translation was from this, and not from the original Hebrew and Greek. It has been hence inferred that he was unacquainted with these languages. Says Macknight, "As the Greek language was very little studied in those days, it may be doubted whether he understood it so well as to be able to translate the New Testament from the Greek. The Hebrew being still less studied in England, it is generally believed that neither he nor Coverdale [the reviser of Tyndale's translation] understood that language." But a simpler explanation is that he more probably adopted the Latin in preference to the originals, from which to make his translation, to avoid giving offense to his Catholic fellow-citizens in England, where the Reformation did not prevail till some years after. And the late publication of Tyndale's works by the Parker Society sets the question of his scholarship completely at rest. His knowledge of the original Scriptures was certainly respectable, at the least. In the following quotation from one of his works he evidently speaks from an intimate acquaintance with these languages. The extract is interesting further as a specimen of the quaint style of those days. It is a defense of the right of the people to have and read the Bible in their vernacular:

"Saint Jerome translated the Bible into his mother-tongue: why may not we also? They will say it can not be translated into our tongue, it is so rude. It is not so rude as they are false liars. For the Greek tongue agreeth more with the English than with the Latin. And the properties of the Hebrew tongue agreeth a thousand times more with the English than with the Latin. The manner of speaking is both one; so that in a thousand places thou needest not but to translate it into English word for word; where thou must seek a compass in the Latin, and yet shalt have much work to translate it well-favoredly; so that it have the same grace and sweetness, sense and pure understanding, with it in the Latin, and as it hath in the Hebrew. A thousand parts better may it be translated into the English than into the Latin."—*Obedience of a Christian Man*, page 148.

GREEK FIRE.—This terrible substance was the invention of Callinicus, a Syrian engineer in the service of the Byzantine empire. It was composed of naphtha, or liquid bitumen—a light, tenacious, and highly-inflammable oil—mingled with sulphur and pitch. It was projected, burning, through iron tubes from the fortifications of the city or from the decks of ships, with terrific effect on the works and persons of the enemy. Such was its inflammability that nothing could extinguish it till it was entirely consumed. Water itself, when poured upon it, had only the effect to scatter the flames over a wider

surface. It entered the joints of the closest coats of mail, and consumed the living flesh beneath. No human powers could endure such an assault, more fatal than deadly weapons; and the only safety was to retreat beyond its reach. Twice—in 668 and 718—was Constantinople saved by its means when the Saracens were scaling the walls.

The exact composition was long kept secret by the government, and was eventually forgotten after the discovery of gunpowder had so changed the mode of war as to render the Greek Fire unavailing as a defensive agency.

EPIGRAM ON THE MIRACLE AT CANA.—The following verses are by Richard Crashaw, who published them in 1634, in a volume of Latin poems on devotional subjects:

"Unde rubor vestris et non sua purpura lymphis?
Quæ ros mirantes tam nova mutat aquas?
Namen, convive, presens agnosce numen;
Nympha pudica Deum vidit, et erubuit."

Their beauty has rendered them celebrated, and they have frequently been ascribed to other and more distinguished writers. In terseness and elegance they have never been excelled. The last line particularly is beyond praise. Within the space of six words it has all the charms of a perfect epigram. The personification of the water is exquisitely delicate, the language in which it is expressed is simple and graceful, and the point of the epigram is felicitously reserved to the very last word.

The following lines, while they make no claim to any special poetical merit, may serve to give the general sense of the Latin. Perhaps some of your professed poets can give a translation worthy of the original:

"Whence to these waters comes their redd'ning hue?
What sudden rose the wondering stream has flushed?
'Tis Christ, ye guests, 'tis Christ who stands in view;
The bashful nymph has seen her God—and blushed."

W. G. Ws.

"THE NIOBE OF NATIONS" AGAIN.—In your February number "R. M. G." answers the question, "What is meant by the term 'Niobe,' in the verse from Byron,

"The Niobe of nations, there she stands?"

as follows: "It is evidently a rhetorical figure, meaning monument. For instance,

"The monument of nations, there she stands,
Childless and crownless in her voiceless woe."

We agree with "R. M. G." in the mythological history which he has given of Niobe, and also "that it is evidently a rhetorical figure;" but we can not agree with him that it means "monument."

Our objections to this interpretation are the following:

1. According to Webster, a monument is "a building, stone, or other thing, placed or erected to remind men of the person who raised it, or of a person deceased, or of any remarkable event; as a mausoleum, a pillar, a pyramid, a triumphal arch, a tombstone, and the like." Now, Niobe was changed into a stone on Mount Sipylus, according to mythology, through her excessive grief, and not by any direct interposition of the gods. This was

the *natural result*, in her case, of her poignant grief. Therefore it does not accord with established usage to call this stone a monument. It was not erected nor intended as such. We might with as much propriety call a *corpee* a monument.

2. If the term means monument here, then the laws of figurative language would require us to understand the poet as declaring that Rome, in the words "Niobe of nations," is a monument of her former self; for this is the only sense in which the stone on Mount Sipylus can be considered as a monument. But we think that a careful reading of the verse, in its connections, will show that the word "nations" does not refer to Rome, but to other nations—the sense being "Niobe among nations."

3. If the term here means monument merely, the reference to the stone on Mount Sipylus for comparison appears far-fetched and affected. It would have been easy for the poet to have supplied himself with a far more dignified and illustrative subject for comparison, if this had been the principal point of similitude in his mind.

4. Such an interpretation seems to misapprehend the true spirit and scope of the verse, and divests it of its principal poetic beauty. The poet is plainly indulging in a strain of lamentation over the ruins of Rome, and, for an illustration of the bereavement and desolation of the city, he alludes to Niobe, bereft of her children and crushed with grief. The point of similitude here developed between Rome and Niobe is not that they are both monuments, but that they are each *bereaved* and *ruined*. A substitution of these words for Niobe will show how completely this view harmonizes with the connection:

*Bereaved and ruined one "of nations, there she stands,
Childless and crownless in her voiceless woe."*

E. C. B.

ORIGIN OF PAPER MONEY.—Washington Irving, in his *Conquest of Granada*, chapter xxvi, mentions an event which greatly excited the wonder of the old chronicler Agapida. "It happened that the Count de Tendilla, besieged in 1483, by the Moors, in the fortress of Alhama, at one time was destitute of gold and silver wherewith to pay the wages of his troops. In this dilemma what does this most sagacious commander? He takes him a number of little morsels of paper, on which he inscribes various sums, and signs them with his own hand and name. These did he give to the soldiery in earnest of their pay; and he issued a proclamation ordering the inhabitants of Alhama to take these morsels of paper for the full amount inscribed thereon; promising to redeem them at a future time with silver and gold. Thus by a subtle and most miraculous kind of alchemy did this Catholic cavalier turn worthless paper into precious gold. It is but just," continues Irving, "to add that the Count redeemed his promises like a loyal knight; and this miracle, as it appeared in the eyes of Fray Antonio Agapida, is the first instance on record of paper money, which has since inundated the civilized world with unbounded opulence."

So Washington Irving thinks; but there is a far earlier instance on record. Dean Liddell, in his late *History of Rome*, chapter xxxiii, says, "In the year 214 before Christ, the Senate were obliged to borrow money, [to carry on the war against Hannibal.] The fortunes of minors and widows, which were in the hands of guardians or trustees, were advanced to the state, all expenses incurred on the part of the owners being discharged by orders on the Treasury—*A quæstore perscribebantur*; Livy xxiv, 19.

These Treasury Bills—as they may be called—were probably taken in payment by the tradesmen and others, who did not press to have them exchanged for coin till it was convenient for the treasury to do so. In these loans it does not appear that the state allowed any interest upon the goods or money advanced. It is probable that the bills or orders upon the Treasury continued in use as money, like our bank-notes." Ws.

THE NIGHTINGALE'S DAY SONG.—Your correspondent James G., seems to insinuate that because forsooth he was brought up in a land of "rose bowers and crystal streamlets," that he knows more than I do—presumptuous critic—and seems to dispute the justness of my criticism on the bower of Bendeemer.

Now, Mr. Editor, it is my private opinion the gentleman is deceived, or, in other words, he is hugely mistaken. I, like your honor, am practically ignorant on this subject, having been reared in the west, where the only Philomel that ravishes the ear with her evening melody is the sweet-voiced owl, or, perchance, the whippowil. Notwithstanding, I hope you will bear with me, Mr. Editor. I think I know a thing or two sometimes.

When, in the November number of the Repository, I criticised the stanza in question, I relied not on my own knowledge, but the authority of several authors of note, who, like my friend, your correspondent, "were brought up in the land of nightingales," and whose ears were early charmed with the dulcet strains of the evening songsters. This testimony I adduce not for the purpose of impeaching the testimony of my friend who has so kindly furnished us his personal observation on this subject, but, rather, to justify myself and criticism. First, I introduce, as *inferential* evidence, a quotation from Mrs. Hemans:

"When twilight's gray and pensive hour
Brings the low breeze that shuts the flower,
And bids the solitary star
Shine in pale beauty from afar—
* * * * *
At that calm hour, so still, so pale,
Awakes the lonely nightingale,
And from a hermitage of shade
Fills with her voice the forest glade."

Now, let me ask, what is the fair inference drawn from this? Is it not that the nightingale is dull and drowsy during the day, but when the shades of night begin to thicken, and the "solitary star shines in pale beauty from afar," she awakes—for this is the exact word used by the poetess—and tunes her rapturous melody? If not, with what appropriateness can the poetess say,

"At that calm hour, so still, so pale,
Awakes the lonely nightingale!"

I might adduce more of this kind of testimony, but deem it unnecessary, as we have the *direct* testimony of no less a personage than the renowned Shakspeare to corroborate what I have said. He, in speaking of Philomel, says:

"And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the day,
Shaming lest any eye should thee behold."

Now, Mr. Editor, I confess my inability to reconcile the evidence of Shakspeare with that of your correspondent, and, therefore, refer the matter to him.

But allow me to add, if I do prove to be in the wrong, I shall consider it no disgrace, since I have the satisfaction of not being alone, and the pleasure of very good company.

C. E. H.

Items, Literary, Scientific, and Religious.

THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY—REPRESENTATION IN ITS BOARD—ITS CORRECTED EDITION OF THE BIBLE.—The time has come when it is necessary for us, as a Church, to look into the relations we sustain to this body. Under the assurance of a just and proportionate representation in its Board of Managers, the Methodist Episcopal Church discontinued its separate Bible organization some years since, and has heartily co-operated with the American Board. The agents of the Society, all over the country, quieted any rising discontent on the part of the people, by the assurance that we, as a Church, had our proper representation and influence in the Board. We have heard those statements so often repeated, without denial, that we had come to regard them as true. What, then, are the facts? We ask for information. The Methodist Church, if we mistake not, will demand the facts. The composition of the Board, on the authority of the New York journals, is as follows:

Old School Presbyterians.....	15
New School Presbyterians.....	6 21
Episcopalians.....	7
Methodists.....	4
Dutch Reformed.....	2
Baptists.....	1
Friends.....	1
Congregationalists.....	0
Associate Reformed.....	0
Total.....	36

Is this a true showing? We are not the enemy of the American Bible Society. We have traveled hundreds of miles to assist at public meetings in its behalf, and for nearly twenty years have made our annual offering to its resources. But we can not refrain saying, that if the above statements are correct, and they have gone out through various channels and still remain uncontradicted, equity demands a reorganization of the Board.

In 1847 the Committee of Versions were directed to have a standard edition of the Bible in English, of King James's version, prepared for the Society, which should be made as perfect as possible, be cleansed of all typographical errors, and be the model to which all future editions of the Society should be conformed. They entered upon the work in 1848; and prosecuted it diligently and carefully thereafter, with the aid of a most attentive and industrious collator, till the spring of 1851, when their work was completed. They then reported, in form and fully, to the Board of Managers, in what condition they had found the previous editions of the Society, what they had done to these to make them more accurate as copies of the version, on what principles they had done this, and how nearly to perfection they felt themselves to have brought their work. They had not been appointed, and they had not tried, to make a NEW VERSION, of any clause, or phrase, or word; but simply to make the best and most perfect EDITION possible of that old, useful, and venerated version which always has been and always must be circulated by the Society, at least till its Constitution shall be changed. And with this in view they made their report. The accessories to the version—including particularly the headings of columns, and the contents of chapters—they had tried to bring more exactly into conformity with the text of the Scrip-

tures, and with the Constitution of the Society itself. In this they did only what previous editors had frequently done, and what they supposed no one could object to. The "version" itself—that is, the translated text of the Scriptures—they meant to leave only improved and perfected in the manner of its imprint.

The report of the Committee was adopted, as we are informed, UNANIMOUSLY by the Board. The corrected editions were issued, and during the past six years millions of copies have been sent out all over the country. In all this we think our readers will agree with us that the Bible Society was performing a simple duty; namely, that of furnishing as perfect a copy of the Holy Bible as possible to the people.

Now comes the denouement. Last year, in the Old School General Assembly, Dr. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, made a most violent philippic against this procedure of the Board, and the Assembly took action against it. In obedience to this mandate the Board have recently annulled its former action, thrown aside its corrected edition, gotten up, it is said, at an expense of \$50,000, and returned to the old and *confessedly incorrect* edition issued in former years. We will not be hasty in condemning this action; but we say it requires explanation. We may possibly be in error as to some of the facts stated. If so, we desire correction. We deplore this whole controversy. No good can accrue from it. But the people have a right to the knowledge of these facts. Nay, they have a right to the most perfect edition of the holy Scriptures that can be attained for general circulation. If the American Bible Society does less than this, it does less than its duty. It is to supply the Bible to the poor; and it is its most sacred duty to give them the purest standard of the word of God that can be attained.

We trust that so much good as this will come out of this discussion; namely, that the inequalities of Church representation in the Board will be remedied at the annual meeting of the Society in May next.

THE SUPERSCRPTIONS OF THE PSALMS.—An eastern cotemporary, in one of a series of articles on the Hebrew Psalms, makes the following remarks respecting the titles at present found prefixed to some of them:

"To some of the Psalms, there is reason to believe, no title was ever prefixed, or if that were ever the case, they are now lost, as we find a great number without titles. And finding them thus, without any superscription, there is reason to believe, that, in some instances, persons, who have been employed from time to time to copy the ancient manuscripts of Scriptures, or others particularly concerned in the arrangement and preservation of them, have prefixed the names of authors on their own responsibility. This being the case, there is much foundation for the remark of Jahn, that 'titles, which exhibit the name of the author, although they have the sanction of antiquity, are not on that account to be received as undoubtedly correct; they must be examined, in order to ascertain whether they correspond with the subject of the Psalms, and if they do not, must be rejected.' He applies his remarks to the hundred and third Psalm.

This purports in the title to be a Psalm of David; nor perhaps is there any thing in the subject and manner of the same which would necessarily excite a suspicion in the mind of the mere English reader, that the title did not indicate the true authorship. But in the original are to be found what are termed Chaldaisms: a circumstance, in the opinion of critics, which can not be readily accounted for, except on the ground, that the title prefixed is merely a conjectural one, and that the Psalm was actually written at a period more recent than the time of David."

This statement is wholly groundless. There is not even a presumption in its favor. Confessedly in some cases, the titles correspond exactly to the contents of the Psalms to which they are prefixed. It is to be presumed, therefore, that the same is true of the rest, although the correspondence may not be perfectly obvious at first sight. And this presumption, we undertake to say, can be converted into a moral demonstration, whenever a searching criticism is applied. But there are two considerations which dispose of the whole matter: First, the common usage alike of oriental and classical writers was to indicate both the author and the subject at the commencement of a composition. These titles, therefore, were to be expected in the book of Psalms, and the idea of subsequent forgery is wholly gratuitous. Secondly, they are found in the Hebrew text as far back as we can trace its history, not as addenda, but as integral parts of the composition, and hence, in the original, they are always included in the numbering of the verses. Considering then the rigid care and accuracy of the Jews in copying the Scriptures, it is impossible to believe that these titles could have been spurious additions foisted in by copyists. They have just as much claim upon our confidence as the divine poems to which they are prefixed. As to the case of the one hundred and third Psalm, cited by Jahn, the peculiar forms of the pronouns in verses three and four are not "Chaldaisms," but mere poetical variations from the common dialect. The Psalm itself is Davidical throughout, both in form and in tone.

MACAULAY'S HISTORY.—We see it stated that two more volumes of Lord Macaulay's "History of England," bringing the work down to the reign of Queen Anne, will soon be completed and published. It is probable that the voluminous author, in attempting to bring his history to a period within "the memory of men now living," will never be able to afford to the present Queen of England the pleasure of seeing her portrait, drawn as the first historical painter in England could draw it.

THE ENGLISH WESLEYANS AND TEMPERANCE.—The English correspondent of the Christian Intelligencer says that a volume has just been published by the London Methodist Book Concern on the Duties of Christianity, from the pen of the Rev. Thomas Jackson, Theological Professor at the Wesleyan Richmond College. It professes to be a selection from his prelections to his students at the College; and, with one exception, the book is most vigorous and healthy in its tone, and useful in its tendency.

The exception referred to, is the notice which the professor has taken of the movement to abolish the use of intoxicating drinks. He speaks of the promoters of this reform as "the disturbers of the peace of Christian Churches, and treating all who differ from them as heathen men and publicans." He then defends the mod-

erate use of wine from Scripture, insisting that the wine spoken of, when taken in excess, did intoxicate. "The New Testament rule," says Mr. Jackson, "with respect to Christians generally, is not that of total abstinence, but of strict temperance and moderation." Should Messrs. Carlton & Porter reprint their volume for American Methodists, they had better set the author right on the wine question.

FLEETWOOD'S LIFE OF CHRIST.—To the door of most of our readers has this work been brought for subscription. A cotemporary raises the question, "Who was John Fleetwood, D. D., author of a 'Life of Christ?'" It has been hinted that this was merely a *nom de plume*. Darling, in his *Cyclopedia Bibliographia*, says that it "was probably an assumed name, in which opinion, having searched in vain for some trace of him through ten biographical and general cyclopedias, including the new *Britannica*, and Rose's great work, I am disposed to concur." The query then arises, Who was the author of "Fleetwood's Life of Christ?"

PROFITS OF AUTHORSHIP COMPARED WITH THOSE OF ACTING.—Seven of Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler's recent "Shakspearian Readings," in New York city, during the past winter, netted the fine sum of \$6,000. This is what may properly be termed "profitable reading." It is known that Milton received only about twenty-five dollars for "Paradise Lost," and probably Shakspeare did not realize for writing all his plays as much in solid money as this lady has earned in reading half a dozen of them.

ANOTHER LITHOGRAPH OF THE BISHOPS.—F. Rand, of Boston, has issued a beautiful lithograph of the Bishops, which may be ordered directly from him at 36 Washington-street, Boston, or through any of the Methodist Book Depositories. Price, \$1.50, with one-third discount to preachers. It is finely executed, and the likenesses, with one exception—that of Bishop Janes—are as true as have ever been issued of their respective subjects. Bishop Waugh, the lately-deceased senior Bishop, occupies the center, and Bishops Morris, Janes, Scott, Simpson, Baker, and Ames occupy the circle around him. The picture will make a fine parlor ornament.

THE MARRIAGE OF POCAHONTAS.—There is no more touching or beautiful episode in our early history than that connected with Pocahontas. We need not repeat the tale. Every school boy and girl in our country is familiar with it. We spent a pleasant hour, not long since, in examining the great painting of Mr. Brueckner—"The Marriage of Pocahontas." The event itself, its connection with American history, and the characters presented, no less than the effective disposition of the parties in the painting as well as its artistic execution, conspire to make this one of the most interesting pictures presented to the American public. The large engraving of it by Mr. M'Rae, of New York, has multiplied copies, so that all who desire can be possessed of it. The engraving is on steel, executed to good effect, and makes a picture thirty-six inches by twenty-five. It sells at \$10. After having had a fine run in New York, it has been placed on exhibition in this city, and during the past five or six weeks has been visited by hundreds, if not thousands. Notwithstanding the hard times several hundred subscribers have been obtained for it here. We wish ever to give encouragement to a work of substantial merit like this.

Literary Notices.

NEW BOOKS.

TRACTS FOR TO-DAY. By M. D. Conway.—How often do we hear it said, "He is an independent thinker," as a sort of apology for some exorcism in intellectual manifestation! What inanities, what mystifications of truth, and what blaspheming mockeries, are sought to be sanctified by the claim that their author is a "thinker!" The devil is "a thinker," "a profound, original thinker;" but this only adds to his power to do evil, and in no wise atones for his wrong. But if this much-abused term, "thinker," implies that the person thinks more, or more profoundly, or more accurately than others, its application is often a vile misnomer. The man who makes a mock of the revelation of God and of the moral sentiments of his race, who exalts his own reason above the collective wisdom of all ages—nay, above that of God—may be "independent." That is, he has just such independence as they have who "make a mock at sin." Salutary restraints are thrown off. But hardihood is not to be confounded with independence; nor is "thinking" to be confounded with arrogant assumption. Much less is it essential that a man should be heterodox or skeptical in order to be a "thinker."

This train of thought has been suggested by the perusal of "Tracts for To-Day." Of the author personally we know little, except that he was formerly a Methodist preacher, and is now a Unitarian of the Parker and Emerson school. We took occasion to hear him discourse once, and must confess to a feeling of regret that one who had been out of the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church less than four years, had descended so far as to ignore the usual prayers offered in public worship, and also that many sacred truths, probably taught to him by pious parents, and in turn once taught by himself to dying men, could be treated with sneering contempt. A feeling of sadness, we confess, came over us, both in view of the speaker and the audience.

But what of "Tracts for To-Day?" They are "a collection of discourses" very similar to the one of which we have spoken, though the unevangelical tone is very much tempered, as we are glad to see. The main design of the production seems to be to explain why the author "left his old associates and communion." But, after all, the reader will find himself left to *infer* the answer; and which answer, as we gather it from the book, seems to be about this—that the author has cut loose from the moorings of his early faith; become smitten by the speculations of Carlyle, Emerson, and Parker, and is now floating upon the broad ocean of that most insidious skepticism, which makes it of no consequence *what* a man believes, provided he believes it *really* and in *good earnest*.

On page sixty-seven Mr. Conway represents "men and Churches" in all Christendom as standing before a "dim form and face," and worshipping it as Christ. This face and person stands them "in the twilight of manifold creeds and sermons." The company, in their circle, sit speculating about their image which they worship, as to its personality, its substance, its soul, its body—some of them even laughing and saying it is nothing but an illusion. While this is going on *within*, the poor, the

laborer, and the slave *without*, are crying for help, unheeded and uncared for. And these, too, are our Protestant Churches! Who of our readers do not know that this is a foul slander upon the Churches of Jesus Christ? If any class of people in our land minister to the poor, and sympathize with and aid the suffering, it is this very class.

Judas, the betrayer of his Lord, seems to be a great favorite with the author. This is a significant fact. He makes him the model "penitent," and almost the model "communicant." He says, "I have sometimes thought it were a good prayer, if one said, 'May I have the penitence of Judas!' For see the divine depths of sorrow in him! Christ crucified has not so great pangs as he who helped to crucify him! . . . The grief of Judas is supernatural, almost holy! In a world of shams, here is something real!" The agony of remorse which succeeded the betrayal he describes as "the birth-throe of his higher nature, which, as one catches flame from the candle flickering in its socket, God may have caught up to burn more brightly in a higher existence." Finally, the author winds up with an apostrophe: "Clothed in sin and dust, we will bow with thee, O Judas!" Our readers will probably perceive the fitness of the apostrophe.

The author seems to have a perfect abhorrence of "the old catechism." He says: "Between catechisms, Puritanic Sabbaths, and bad home influences, which should be treated under the head of children's diseases, the *real* child pined away." And again: "When I think over the amount of ignorance of their nature, the bad influences, the number of catechisms and Sabbaths through which children come, I wonder that every other man I meet with is not a scoundrel." When we read passages like the above, we almost involuntarily exclaim, Is this writer a Christian minister or a ranting infidel? Surely, thousands of us who do not now receive every dogma of the old catechism, nevertheless, cherish for it a profound reverence, and the memories connected with it are such as inspire gratitude and thanksgiving. It must have been a vicious nature, indeed, that was made only worse by the instructions of the catechism and the influences of the Sabbath kept unto the Lord.

In this connection note the author's facility for turning things upside down. We began to hope that, after all, he had not studied the catechism in vain, when we found him saying, that "Item No. 1 of the catechism"—namely, that "man's chief end is to glorify God and enjoy him forever"—"is entirely retained in memory." But the very next sentence completely dashed that hope to the ground. "By this," he says, "the child is notified that the object of its existence is to flatter and gratify God's vanity, and its own selfishness." We confess ourself nonplused. Here is a nature too perverse to be benefited by either the catechism or the Sabbath.

After this our readers will not be surprised to hear the author saying, "I hate the phrase Sunday school;" or crying out, "O dear! the very memory of what I have suffered in childhood, at the hands of Tract societies and Sunday School Unions, makes me shiver." Again we

say, with myriad witnesses to the blessed fruits of these institutions all over the land, this invective can only recoil upon the author.

This "minister of the first Congregational Church," as he purports to be on the title-page of his book, next tries his hand upon the Bible. Hear what he says about the God of the Bible: "A God, such as a child reads of in the Old Hebrew Testament, and hears of from those who do not see that Christ inaugurated a *New Testament*, because the Old would n't answer; a Jehovah awful and angry; sending out avenging, bloodthirsty angels; selfish; jealous of rival deities; exacting; fond of compliments to his magnificence; unjust; who could not forgive the smallest sin till blood had been shed; such a God, I say, revolutionizes a child's whole moral nature. The inward life is throttled; and the outward life, we know, is but an outgrowth of a child's idea of God." Again he says: "The error of expecting or believing in an infallible book-revelation arises from the old heathenism, that God *needs something* of man for his glory or happiness. Many unconsciously imagine that God has a book or creed in the world which he very much needs men should believe, and if they do not, will be insulted and angry." Yet the author, after all, really believes in the Bible. He says: "We do believe it to be a revelation in the highest sense—a revelation by reason of its errors and immoralities no less than by its truth." There are some things, however, in the Bible which he can not quite receive; so he must winnow out the chaff. He says: "Take the book. Its account of a six days creation, after which, God was fatigued and must rest; the firmament, which was a solid wall, dividing the waters in the earth from the waters above it, so that when it rained the windows of heaven are supposed to be opened to let the water through; are not these the speculations of children? Then the dire judgments of Jehovah, Egyptian plagues, the swallowing of Pharaoh and his host in the Red Sea, the Deluge; are they not the prodigies of the nursery of the race?"

In another place—page 169—the author sagely undertakes to prove that *God is not infinite*, because, if he was infinite, he would occupy every part of the universe, and there could be nothing in it besides God. So of the omnipotence of God; he argues if God be omnipotent, then we can conceive of no act in the universe that is not performed by God. So also he speaks almost scoffingly—page 85—of those "who seek, on the force of a few doubtful texts, to support the useless idea of Christ's omniscience." Such inanities need only to be named to exhibit their absurdity, and also the mockery of that pretension that puts them forth, as the results of the enthronement of reason!

"We can not but regard this as a pernicious book in every light in which we can view it. The moral responsibility of setting it afloat in community is not light. So far as it shall circulate, its influence will be evil and not good. As for its author, it is evident that he is not yet at the extreme point to which he is tending. We shall be mistaken if his future career does not still further illustrate that the hill of Error is, like that seen by Bunyan, "very steep on its farthest side."

THE CITY OF THE GREAT KING; or, Jerusalem as it was, as it is, and as it is to be. By J. T. Barclay, M. D., Missionary to Jerusalem. Philadelphia: James Challen & Sons. 8vo., 627 pages.—This is a book of

rare interest. Much as has been written about Jerusalem and the Holy Land, this work demonstrates that the subject had not been exhausted. Dr. Barclay enjoyed remarkable facilities for observation and exploration, and nobly has he used them. His protracted residence in the city, his familiarity with its various localities, the access he obtained to the people through his skill as a physician, and especially the extraordinary privilege, obtained by special firman, of visiting the sacred places, were rare advantages. Here, upon the very localities in question, he read and collated the various conflicting theories about them, and by the most rigid scrutiny sought to elucidate the truth. He entered upon the work also with an enthusiasm that could be thwarted by no obstacle. Our readers will not be surprised, then, that this is really a work of rare interest. It should be read by all who desire to become conversant with the sacred localities. Not only is it rich in matter; it is also rich in its "getting up." It is printed on beautiful paper. Its illustrations—comprising five steel engravings, three colored plates, nine lithographs, and forty-five wood engravings—are of the highest order. The few points to which we would except in the book are lost in its marked and great excellences. For sale by publishers generally.

BIOGRAPHY OF E. K. KANE. By Wm. Elder. Philadelphia: Childs & Peterson; Columbus: Follet, Foster & Co. 8vo., 416 pages. Illustrated.—Dr. Elder has skillfully interwoven the materials for the history of the earlier part of the life of Dr. Kane, in the first part of this volume, so as to make them very readable. The documentary part of the volume—namely, that relating to the funeral processions in the route from Havana through New Orleans, Cincinnati, etc.—though of less interest as *reading matter*, was, nevertheless, essential to a complete history of this wonderful man. Agents are now canvassing the west generally for the work.

PERIODICALS AND PAMPHLETS.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW, for January, 1858, contains: 1. Difficulties of Railway Engineering; 2. The Historic Peerage; 3. Tobias Smollett; 4. Wiltshire; 5. Church Extension; 6. Sense of Pain in Men and Animals; 7. Woolwich Arsenal and its Manufacturing Establishments; 8. Our Indian Empire.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, for January, 1858, contains: 1. Prospects of the Indian Empire; 2. Milman's History of Latin Christianity; 3. Scottish University Reform; 4. The Angel in the House; 5. The Addington and Pitt Administrations; 6. Tom Brown's School Days; 7. Abbe Le Dren's Memoirs of Bossuet; 8. The Hawker's Literature of France; 9. Lord Overstone on Metallic and Paper Currency. Both the above may be had of L. Scott & Co., New York city, at \$5 per annum.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.—We are indebted to Professor Winchell for a catalogue of this institution. Its undergraduate students are as follows: freshmen, 68; sophomores, 76; juniors, 37; seniors, 46; in partial course, 49; in Analytical and Applied Chemistry, 36; in Medical Department, 137. Total, 449.

NEW YORK CONFERENCE SEMINARY.—This institution is located at Charlotteville, Schoharie county, N. Y. Its seventh annual catalogue enrolls 151 ladies, 376 gentlemen—making a total of 527. Rev. John C. Ferguson, A. M., is the Principal, assisted by 15 teachers.

New York Literary Correspondence.

The winter and the weather—Amusements—Their character and their failure “to draw”—The religious revival—Evangelical Protestantism the fosterer of revivals—Peculiarly-favorable aspects—The great revival in England during the last century—Millerism—The lecture season—Modifications in the character of the lectures given—Virginia relics—The book business—Taylor’s “World of Mind”—Its faults—Ripley and Dana’s New American Cyclopaedia—New work on New York City Methodism, by Rev. J. B. Wakely—Discovery of the Record Book—Vindication of the memory of Philip Embury—Death of Bishop Waugh.

EVERY BODY is agreed in declaring the winter season, now approaching its close, an unusual one. Its climatology has been a fruitful theme of remark, and a confusion to all meteorological wiseacres. Its financial character will long be remembered on account of the almost total suspension of business, and the strange blending of plethora and stringency in the money market. Many will remember it as a season of compulsory idleness, and consequent want; and others, as the time of almsgiving and care for the poor. To the future antiquarian who shall consult our newspapers, it will appear to have been a gay season among pleasure-takers, and a harvest-time to those who minister to them; for large portions of these “maps of busy life” are filled with announcements of coming “entertainments” and criticisms on past “performances.” Yet it is well known that the season has not been a successful one in these matters. Only the coarsest forms of amusements afford any adequate remuneration, and nearly all attempts to maintain a higher standard of amusements result in ruinous failures. The fact must be confessed—whether to our disadvantage or not I am not certain—that the motley population of our city contains but a numerically-small proportion of the real *fashionables*. When allowance is made for forty per cent. of lower-class foreigners, and twenty-five per cent. middle-class and poor natives, and then largely diminish the remainder by subtracting all those whose social habits and religious scruples deter them from fashionable circles, and our genuine *ton* is reduced to a comparatively-small body. Nothing but the temporary presence of some distinguished *artist*—a Thalberg or a Jenny Lind—whose performances shall be kept free from the odium of the drama, suffices to make a successful “engagement.” Accordingly, theatrical managers have turned their attention to the *canelle*, and theater-going has ceased to be a test of quality, or the neglect of it an indication of excessive scrupulousness. A large share of the now diminished audiences at places of public amusement are said to be gathered from the hotels and places of transient residence in the city; and it is believed that these establishments make out to subsist by virtue of the patronage of a class of occasional visitors to our city, who would not choose that it should be told at their homes that their evenings in the city were passed among such associations.

By another class of persons the present season will be remembered and referred to on account of its religious character and interests. No observer of the social agencies at work, who would note the causes which are to form the future community, can overlook the religious movements now going forward among us. Social changes usually

advance silently, and almost stealthily, and especially those which take their rise in individual character. Hence, revivals of religion are at once the least observed of the great public movements of a people, and yet the most effective in both their immediate and their ulterior results.

There is probably a deep and highly-interesting philosophy in these movements, but many things pertaining to them will most likely always remain a mystery, simply because their efficient cause lies beyond the range of human knowledge. The facts, however, are plain or easily ascertained. That there are special seasons of religious revival, and again times of relative decay, is shown by the whole history of the Church; and, what is most strange, the greatest declensions have succeeded and seemed to grow out of the most prosperous conditions of things, while some of the most remarkable revivals have followed hard after seasons of the greatest spiritual dearth. Modern revivals, especially in this country, are more removed from public attention than were those of other times, because they have no immediate relation to public affairs, and they are, therefore, but little attended to by public men. Instead of expending their efforts in shaping the proceedings of courts and councils, they relate chiefly to individual experience, and the relations of the individual to the Church, and to actual religious life. It is also found, as in the very nature of the case it must be, that they occur only within the range of evangelical Protestantism, for they imply, in a vital and practical form, a belief of the great doctrines of the Reformation. The preaching and the acceptance of these truths must always be effective; yet it is found, as matter of fact, that they are not always equally so—and often greater results are shown in a few weeks than in months and years of equally-faithful labors. Neither the amount of labors bestowed, nor yet the gifts nor graces of the agents, can measure the extent of the work of the divine Spirit in revivals of religion.

The work of revival with which the Church has been so recently visited has some peculiarly-favorable aspects. It often happens that such special visitations assume a kind of extra-ecclesiastical position, and not unfrequently an attitude of partial antagonism to established religious orders. The Reformation, in both Germany and England, arose in this manner. The great revival in England during the last century was ejected from the Church in which it originated; and the nearly simultaneous “awakening” in this country was, indeed, retained in the Church, but there strangled. The last considerable revival in this country, previous to the present, was blighted with the element of Millerism, through which many a hopeful convert was turned out of the way, and many who had long been shining lights in the Church were brought to most shameful apostasies. In the present case every thing seems to be eminently “regular.” Even the slight irregularity of *professional evangelism* has been almost unknown; and the appropriate ecclesiastical office-bearers have been the chief agents in the work. The means used have been the ordinary services of the house of God, and the doctrines taught, the simple truths

of the Gospel. The work, too, has been about equally shared by all the great evangelical denominations; proving very satisfactorily that the Head of the Church pays very little respect to our human lines of demarkation. The unity of evangelical Protestantism, in its various forms, is a reality, becoming steadily more and more manifest; a truth now gloriously illustrated by this common effusion of the Holy Spirit.

Our lecture season seems to have accomplished rather more than it promised at the beginning, but in a somewhat modified form. Many really able papers have been read as lectures, whose purpose was much less to afford a present entertainment to a promiscuous audience, than to set forth some important principle in science or fact in history. The course before the Historical Society has been especially elevated and interesting, engaging some of our most eminent scholars. Of these lectures that delivered by the veteran painter, Rembrandt Peale—on the evening of Washington's birthday—on the portraits of Washington, was especially a matter of deep interest. It was especially interesting to listen to a living speaker, detailing from his own observations the physique and personal appearance of one, the prevailing conception of whom seems to be rapidly retiring from the real to the ideal; as well as instructive to hear from one so well capable a discussion of the relative merits of the various extant original portraits of the Father of his Country.

By the way, a rather spirited controversy is going on before that Society, relative to the reality and genuineness of certain relics said to have been found in a mound at Grave creek, in western Virginia. The champions in this affair are E. G. Squier, the well-known antiquary and ethnologist, and Dr. De Hass, brother of Rev. F. S. De Hass, of this city, late of Pittsburg—the latter sustaining the claims of the relics, and the former denying. Of the real merits of the case outsiders may be presumed to be ignorant; and while one may very properly sympathize with the skepticism of one party, he can not fairly disregard the evidence produced by the other. There is a good deal of mystery hanging over these western mounds, and just light enough is thrown upon the subject to provoke our inquiries and to make our ignorance uncomfortable.

In the world of books there are more signs of life now than for some time past. The publishers of all kinds of periodicals found the time of the annual renewal of subscriptions a perilous season, though most of them seem to have survived the trial. The religious weeklies called mightily to their friends for help; the secular dailies boast of their increased circulation, which is generally understood in a Pickwickian sense; and the monthlies and illustrated weeklies *advertise* prodigiously. In the regular book-trade some rather important works have been recently issued, or are now in press; and the prospect is that with the opening of the spring season the trade in literature will resume its former activity.

Of recent publications, among the most considerable in interest is Isaac Taylor's "*World of Mind*," a duodecimo of three hundred and seventy-seven pages, issued by the Harpers. Mr. Taylor's reputation as a writer naturally attracts a good share of attention to whatever he may write; and though this volume might form the basis of a fair reputation for a new writer, it will hardly increase that of its author. Elementary treatises on mental philosophy have recently become a kind of rage in the learned world. Each new aspirant to favor proclaims the

unsuccess of all its predecessors, and proposes to do what they had failed to accomplish. Though it may be doubted whether, in all the circle of the sciences, there is one more capable of a clear and natural elucidation than the science of mind, yet it seems to have been most unfortunate in the treatment it has received.

This complaint, however, lies only against our elementary treatises and oral teaching. The philosophy of mind has, indeed, been most thoroughly examined and forcibly elucidated, during the present and recently past age, and now rests upon a basis as fixed as the Newtonian system. In the works of the great masters of this science the subject is presented with all requisite fullness, but not in a form adapted to the wants of those who have not yet learned its alphabet. To meet this want is the professed purpose of the multitudinous works on the subject with which the press has for some time been teeming, and Mr. Taylor recognizes this want by attempting to supply it. He is a good thinker, though there is a haziness in his mental atmosphere which sometimes produces illusions and mirages. He has an excess of fancy, as compared with his perceptive faculties, to be an eminently clear writer—and in this science perspicuity is a cardinal excellence. But to think well, and to communicate thoughts, are not the same things, nor are they always associated; and here, if I am not mistaken, Mr. Taylor fails as the writer of "an elementary book." An instance of his want of practical tact in this business is seen in the distribution of his matter. In the order of time psychology precedes metaphysics; but philosophically the reverse process is preferable. The scholar in his meditations would be likely to set out with pure intellects, and proceed from these to mixed modes and sensuous processes. But the learner must begin at those mental phenomena which lie nearest to the outward world, and trace them inward, till, by a comprehensive generalization of psychological facts, he is at length enabled to construct a metaphysical philosophy. In Mr. Taylor's book metaphysics precedes psychology, and the reader is required to discuss the most recondite problems of the science before proceeding to the more tangible and obvious. This is a fault only in respect of those who have not yet learned the principles of the science; for others it may be accounted an excellence. The work has many good qualities; and though it contains but little that has not appeared in other works, yet the illustrations and collocations are often original and striking.

The most considerable undertaking in the field of general literature at this time is the "New American Cyclopedia," edited by Messrs. Ripley and Dana, of the Tribune, and published by the Appletons. The first volume of this great work was published a short time since, and will be followed by others at intervals of two or three months. The whole is to be comprised in fifteen large octavo volumes, of about seven hundred and fifty pages. Its design is to furnish a "popular Dictionary of Universal Knowledge," at once comprehensive and succinct, and adapted to the requirements of the American public. All the articles are written expressly for this work, and drawn from the latest and most reliable sources, bringing all subjects down to the present time. The volume already issued gives a favorable assurance as to the character of the whole series. Compared with other works of like character, it is distinguished for greater completeness in the number of its articles, and the compactness of their structure. Agreeable to the

nature of such a work, its editors promise that, "abstaining from all sectional and sectarian arguments, it will maintain the position of absolute impartiality on the great controverted questions, which have divided opinions in every age." Still, it will be safe to assume that its views and estimates of its subjects will be made from a Christian and American point of observation.

The necessity for such a work, adapted to the present state of the world's progress, must be universally confessed; we trust, too, it has fallen into competent hands, and it may be presumed that it will be well received by the public. It is especially a work for all classes of general readers; and for such it will constitute a library in itself, giving all needed information on almost all conceivable topics, in the briefest space and the most reliable form. A very large sale will be needed to justify the necessary outlay, and it may be presumed its circulation will be pushed vigorously, as it is generally understood that those publishers will allow no enterprise undertaken by them to fail for want of energy in its prosecution.

Carlton & Porter have in press a work of some interest relating to the early history of Methodism in this city. Our local ecclesiastical annals have hitherto been remarkably deficient in details respecting the condition of the Methodist society, from the building of the first house of worship till after the organization of the Church, at the beginning of the year 1785. During nearly the whole of this period the city was greatly disturbed by political affairs, and for the greater part of it a foreign army had it in possession. While this was the case no preacher was appointed by the "conference" to this city, and its name was dropped from the "Minutes;" and the prevailing notion has been that the Church was used for barracks, and the society dispersed and nearly extinguished.

But, at length, this obscure and meager account is to be replaced by a very full and highly-authentic record of the early annals of Methodism in New York. Many of your readers are already familiar with the name and writings of Rev. J. B. Wakely, of this city, author of the "Heroes of Methodism." Mr. Wakely seems to be peculiarly adapted to the kind of writing which he is making his speciality, as he unites a lively appreciation of the romance of the old times with a most patient industry in searching out obscure authorities; and he is also enough of a hero-worshiper to secure his subject from any danger of being made to suffer by reason of faint praising.

In some of his recent explorations Mr. Wakely fell upon an old volume of very great interest—nothing less than the Record Book of the Trustees of the "Methodist Preaching-House, in New York," coming down to the year 1793, and containing not only an account of their receipts and disbursements, but also a variety of other matters, constituting a pretty full history of the Church during that dark period. Among the things set in a clear light by these records is a complete vindication of the good name of PHILIP EMBURY from all imputations against his Christian character, and his devotion to the cause of religion and the interests of the infant Church, of which he was, under God, the founder. It is also shown that during the whole time of the British occupation of New York, the little society enjoyed the services of a regular pastor, and the undisturbed use of their house of worship. A singular piece of history is here brought out, respecting the "old colored sex-

ton," who was a very considerable character in the early days of Methodism in this city. PETER (Williams) was a slave, the "property" of a certain tory gentleman, who, finding it inconvenient to remain after the departure of the British army, determined to remove to Nova Scotia, and so offered Peter for sale. He was accordingly purchased (ransomed) by the Trustees for one hundred dollars, which he repaid to them in about two years. But the purchasers were true Methodists of the olden time, for they never for one moment claimed any right of property in their sexton, nor received any part of the proceeds of his labors without paying him a fair equivalent.

Mr. Wakely's book—a duodecimo of nearly six hundred pages, entitled, "Lost Chapters Recovered from the Early History of American Methodism"—will be issued early in the spring; and we predict for it a wide circulation and deserved popularity.

The news of the death of Bishop Waugh, though not wholly unexpected, took us rather by surprise—especially as the last previous reports had given strong hopes of his speedy recovery. A large deputation, including Bishop Janes, proceeded to Baltimore, to be present at his funeral and burial. About a week later a general funeral service, for this city and vicinity, was held at one of our city churches, which was largely attended by both the ministers and the laity, at which Bishop Janes delivered an appropriate sermon, and sketched the life and character of his deceased senior colleague. The great benevolent societies of the Church—of all of which he was President—have taken becoming notice of his decease, and due respect has been rendered to his memory, in a manner alike heart-felt and unostentatious.

The posthumous reputation of Bishop Waugh will probably be second only to that of his immediate predecessor in seniority. Though neither endowed with a towering intellect nor with eminent scholastic acquirements, nor yet possessed of a specially-remarkable eloquence, he nevertheless discharged the high functions committed to him with equal honor to himself and advantage to the Church. His case is an eminent example of the efficiency of ordinary abilities, when applied with steadiness, and directed to a single object. Men of much greater talents have accomplished less for want of this steadiness and singleness of aim; and he, without a single great event in his life, has really done very much good in the world. All his performances were respectable; nor did his official honors hang loose upon him; and yet no man ever was less elated by mere position. As a preacher he had more of the character of John than of Paul; and his discourses, though not deficient in strength, were especially notable for their warmth and their genial kindness of spirit, which found an unbidden access to the heart. In his official duties he was truly a father in the Church; he recognised every young minister as a brother beloved; and not a few of them will remember to their latest day the earnest exhortations, full of love and holy zeal, which he addressed to them on the solemn occasion of their induction into the office of the ministry.

He died in the maturity of his age, before decrepitude had bowed him to the earth, and without the painful descent to the tomb which is seldom escaped by those who live to extreme old age. Of him justly may we exclaim,

"Servant of God, well done!"

Mirror of Apothegm, Wit, Repartee, and Anecdote.

WHAT WESLEY MIGHT HAVE DONE.—A Puseyite journal thus compliments Wesley and his followers: "Wesley's zeal for souls was, doubtless, the inspiration of God; his insubordination was, with no less certainty, of the devil. Had he waited and prayed, as many of the saints have done under the like difficulties which oppressed him, God would have opened a way for him; and then, instead of having become notorious, as giving name and head to a most pestilential heresy, he might have shone bright in the annals of the Church as one of her saintly men. He preferred the apparent good to the real good; and thus, wherever his heresy has penetrated the hearts of the people, we find them obdurally perverse, and set against the Catholic faith. He has poisoned the soil, and filled it with noxious weeds—thus very much hindering the path of the Church missionary."

RICHES NOT HAPPINESS.—The late Mr. Girard, of Philadelphia, when surrounded by immense wealth, and supposed to be taking supreme delight in its accumulation, wrote thus to a friend: "As to myself, I live like a galley-slave, constantly occupied, and often passing the night without sleeping. I am wrapped in a labyrinth of affairs, and worn out with care. I do not value fortune. The love of labor is my highest emotion. When I rise in the morning, my only effort is to labor so hard during the day, that when the night comes I may be enabled to sleep soundly."

BOOKS.—A learned writer says of books, "They are masters who instruct us without rods or ferules, without words or anger, without bread or money. If you approach them, they are not asleep; if you seek them, they do not hide; if you blunder, they do not scold; if you are ignorant, they do not laugh at you."

THE TRIUMPHS OF PERSEVERANCE.—The following, taken from one of Dr. Johnson's beautiful papers in the "Rambler," was the motto Dr. James Hope chose for his thesis when applying for his degrees: "All the performances of human art, at which we look with praise or wonder, are instances of the resistless force of perseverance. It is by this that the quarry becomes a pyramid, and that distant countries are united by canals. If a man were to compare the effect of a single stroke of the pickaxe, or of one impression of the spade, with the general design and last result, he would be overwhelmed by the sense of their disproportion. Yet those petty operations, incessantly continued, in time surmount the greatest difficulties; and thus mountains are leveled, and oceans bounded, by the slender force of human beings."

HOW THE ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE-TRADE COMMENCED.—It is just seventy years since the vice-chancellor of Cambridge proposed, as the subject for a Latin prize essay, the question, "May one man lawfully make another man his slave?" A young bachelor of arts had won a similar prize in the preceding year, and had the privilege of competing again. He resolved he would win the second if he could, and, knowing nothing of the subject, was at a loss for books. In a friend's house—*accidentally* again, as men say—he lighted on a news-

paper advertising a history of Guinea. He hastened to London, bought it, and there found a picture of cruelties which filled his soul with horror. The more he inquired and investigated, the darker grew the shades of crime and suffering. "All my pleasure was damped," he wrote afterward, "by the facts which were now continually before me. It was but one gloomy subject from morning to night. In the day-time I was uneasy; in the night I had little rest; I sometimes never closed my eyelids for grief." He wrote with a burning heart, and happily put his indignation into good Latin; so the prize was won. As he journeyed shortly afterward to London, the subject engrossed his thoughts. "Coming in sight of Wade's Mill in Hertfordshire," to quote again from his own narrative, "I sat down disconsolate on the turf by the road-side, and held my horse. *Here a thought came into my mind, that if the contents of the essay were true, it was time that some person should see these calamities to their end.*" The young priseman was Thomas Clarkson, and he *did* see the evil to the end, and lived, moreover, to see the remedy.

SECRET OF SUCCESS AT THE BAR.—I asked, says Buxton, Sir James Scarlett what was the secret of his pre-eminent success as an advocate. He replied that he took care to press home the one principal point of the case, without paying much regard to the others. He also said that he knew the secret of being short. "I find," said he, "that when I exceed half an hour, I am always doing mischief to my client: if I drive into the heads of the jury important matter, I drive out matter more important that I had previously lodged there." Is not here a hint for the preacher who would win souls?

A FREAK OF FANCY.—Punch, we believe, was the "inventor" of the following freak of fancy:

"O, solitude! thou wonder-working fay,
Come nurse my feeble fancy in your arms,
Though I, and thee, and fancy town-pent lay,
Come, call around, a world of country charms.
Let all this room, these walls dissolve away,
And bring me Surrey's fields to take their place;
This floor be grass, and draughts as breezes play;
Yon curtains trees, to wave in summer's face;
My ceiling, sky; my water-jug a stream;
My bed, a bank, on which to muse and dream,
The spell is wrought: imagination swells
My sleeping-room to hills, and woods, and dells!
I walk abroad, for naught my footsteps hinder,
And fling my arms. O, mi! I've broke the *reinder!*"

KEEP YOUR RECEIPTS.—Here is a ballad on a department in domestic economy by no means unimportant:

"O, fling not this receipt away,
Given by one who trusted thee;
Mistakes will happen every day
However honest folks may be.
And sad it is, love, twice to pay;
So cast not that receipt away!
Ah, yes; if e'er, in future hours,
When we this bill have all forgot,
They send it in again—ye powers!—
And say that we have paid it not—
How sweet to know, on such a day,
We've never cast receipts away!"

Sideboard for Children.

We have a few "sayings and doings" of the little ones this month, with which we fill up a page.

"I DO N'T SEE THE STITCHES."—The natural inquisitiveness of the human mind is finely illustrated in the following:

Little Nellie, a short time ago, ran up to her mother, saying, "Ma, who made me?" "God, my child," replied her mother. Nellie stood for a few moments earnestly regarding her little dimpled arm, when suddenly she exclaimed, "Why, ma, I do n't see the stitches!" M. E. B.

EYEBROWS AROUND THE MOUTH.—The following, from an unknown correspondent, illustrates somewhat a child's notions of the uses of nature:

Said our little Herbert, of four years old, to a young man who was stopping at our house, and who wore a mustache, "Why do you have eyebrows all around your mouth?"

GEORGE AND JAMES.—The following is a type of what too often occurs in the management of children. Alas for such a mother! and alas for sons subject to so ruinous a moral training! Both mother and children will be in danger of reaping most sorrowful fruits. A parent who fails to enforce the law of obedience upon children, is remiss in one of the most imperative duties. We have changed the names, that our comments may not seem personal in their bearings. Says our correspondent:

George and James were "bright-eyed boys" of about three and four summers. One afternoon, when their mother had company, George became impatiently anxious to taste the nice cake that was prepared for the guests, and prompted James to ask for some; which he did as follows: "Ma, please give me some of that cake?" "Go away, my child," said the mother, "and wait till you come to the table." Again he repeated his request, and obtained a similar answer, and still again he urged his request without success, when George, who stood at his elbow to prompt him, said to him, in a whisper, "James, cry." So cry he did, and the desired piece of cake was given, with a "here take this, and go long off and stop your noise." J. W. R.

A NOTE OF SORROW.—A bereaved father incloses to us the following "note of sorrow." It will strike the heart as a genuine gush from the unsealed fountains of sorrow:

Our little "Janey" is dead. She sweetly fell asleep, on Monday evening last, at just eight o'clock. For five long weeks a burning fever had preyed upon her little body, which at last yielded to its power. And, O, what patience, what fortitude, what calmness, for a little one that had seen but five summers! She approached the last conflict with all the deliberation and heroism of a martyr. "Mother," said she, "I am dying," and her feet and hands were cold. "Rub my feet and hands," said she, and added, "I think I can sleep now," and in a few minutes she was gone.

To-day we bore her little body to the grave, in the beautiful burying-ground just west of our garden, where she spent many a happy day last summer, in looking at the little lambs, and birds, and other symbols upon the monuments, and in gathering flowers for her nice little bouquet. But she sleeps now with them, alike nipped by the frost, and withered. Her little life was short, but, O, how beautiful, and how buoyant, and what a precious little inheritance of sayings, and doings, and playthings she has left us! She impressed every thing and every body around us. The prints of her little feet are in the

sand of the garden, where she helped me gather its fruit. There stands the corn, shriveled and earless, the seed of which she dropped and I covered.

Here are her Sunday school cards, and pretty verses she had learned, and there her little pile of pennies collected, during her sickness, for the juvenile missionary-box. And there are her little toys, or all that remained after she had sent some to her little friends. She gave them to her mother, "Ma, I want you should keep these always." But, O, she is gone! Her little bed is empty, and her chair at the table, and her little plate unused, and her little voice unheard in the morning when we sing at family prayers. And what is most painful, is the thought that we shall never—no, never—see her again. She finished her little play, and her little work, bid us "good-by," and left us, to come back no more. And this is all new, all very strange to us. We can not understand it; we weep, we mourn; our very hearts bleed. It is the first time that our little circle has been broken; it will not be the last. O God! to thee we appeal. Thou dost all things well. Thou gavest, thou hast taken away; blessed be thy name. Thou wast kind in giving us this precious jewel, and we acknowledge thy wisdom and goodness though thou dost take it to thyself. Pardon us wherein we failed to do our duty toward her while she was with us; enable us to profit by the painful providence that removed her from us.

A CHILD'S EXAMPLE.—Here is a waif the editor finds in his "drawer." It conveys a hint alike to parents and children:

"O, dear grandmother," said a little boy, as he kissed his new-born sister that lay in her arms. "I must never be naughty any more, now we've got a baby. For you know if I am naughty, she'll learn to be naughty of me, and that will be bad for mother."

The good grandmother, perceiving the force of the argument, strove to deepen it in the child's mind. He gazed earnestly at the face of the babe, and wonderingly felt its tiny hands and feet, till its beauty and helplessness seemed to call forth an overflowing tenderness. When his mother approached he ran to meet her, and, clasping his arms around her knees, he exclaimed passionately, "Mother mother, give me that baby for my own!"

Not immediately comprehending his state of feeling, she made some inquiries. But all the answer she could obtain was the repetition, "O, mother, say it shall be my baby! Will you give it to me for my own baby always?"

Moved by his tears, she answered in the affirmative. Then a great happiness and a singular sense of responsibility entered into him. To watch over the child seemed his business and pleasure. When he saw his mother so patient in nursing it, so attentive to its little ailments, he never failed to thank her for taking care of his baby.

When any sudden willfulness of childhood came over him, he would check it by saying, "Baby sees me, baby hears me. It will not do."

So between his desire to be an educator, and his heightened gratitude to his mother for her care over his child, a wonderful change came over the boy, who had formerly been quick-tempered and selfish, as if the grace of God had given him a new heart and power to lead a new life.

THE MISSION OF CHILDREN.—The Rev. Thomas Binney says:

I think them the poetry of the world. Every infant comes into the world like a delegated prophet, the harbinger and herald of good tidings, whose office it is to "turn the hearts of the fathers to the children," and to draw "the disobedient to the wisdom of the just."

An Editorial Paper.

"YOUR FATHERS, WHERE ARE THEY?"

BISHOP WAUGH.

We can not give to our readers a more fitting tribute to the late venerable senior Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, than by reproducing the following biographical sketch from Bishop Morris. It appeared originally in the *Western Christian Advocate*. Though his junior in years, Bishop Morris was elected to the Episcopacy by the same General conference with Bishop Waugh. Now, by the demise of the latter he succeeds to the seniorship in the Episcopal office. May God spare him long to the Church; and when his work is accomplished, may the light of the "evening time," which gilded the last hours of Hedding and of Waugh—his old companions in toil and trial—render serene and glorious the closing scene of earth!

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

Beverly Waugh, a native of Fairfax county, Virginia, was born 25th of October, 1789, and died in the city of Baltimore, February 9, 1858. Of his early history I am not informed, only that when a youth he wrote in one of the public offices in Washington City, and was regarded as a superior clerk. I am not familiar with the circumstances connected with his conversion and call to the ministry. He was admitted on trial as a traveling preacher in the Baltimore conference in 1809, then in his twentieth year, and appointed helper on Stafford and Fredericksburg circuit, in Virginia. In 1810 he had charge of Greenbrier circuit. In 1811 he was admitted into full connection, ordained deacon, and stationed in Washington City. In 1812 he was appointed to Stephensburg charge. In 1813 he was ordained elder and stationed in Baltimore city. In 1814 and 1815 he labored on Montgomery circuit, and in 1816 on Berkley. In 1817 stationed again in Washington, and in 1818 returned to Baltimore city. In 1819 and 1820 he had charge of Fell's Point, Baltimore. In 1821 and 1822, Georgetown, D. C. In 1823 and 1824, Frederick, Maryland. In 1825 and 1826, Baltimore city station, and in 1827, East Baltimore. In 1828 he was elected Assistant Book Agent, and in 1832 principal Book Agent. During the eight years of his Agency, his name appeared on the Minutes of New York conference his election constituting him a member of that body as the rule then was.

He was a delegate to the General conference of 1816, 1826, 1828, and 1836. The General conference of 1836, in Cincinnati, elected him to the office of General Superintendent. He filled that responsible relation nearly twenty-two years, and after the death of Bishop Hedding in 1832, was senior Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The whole term of his itinerant ministry was nearly forty-nine years, and during that protracted period he never sustained any other than an effective relation, never suspended his earnest labor to promote the cause of Christ. His health was most impaired while Book Agent. That office, perhaps, inflicts more pressure on the brain and nervous system than any other office in our Church, taking the year through. The office of bishop is equally severe during the sessions of the con-

ference, but the intervals between them allow more repose and afford better opportunity to repair the wasted energies of a man's physical nature. But all departments in the Church, publishing, editorial, educational, and pastoral, impose abundance of labor. None of them are easy. He who enters the ministry to escape a life of toil, sadly mistakes the whole matter.

In whatever position Bishop Waugh was placed he proved himself a working man. He shared with his colleagues the toil and responsibility of the general oversight, and of presiding over five sessions of the General conference, some of which were the most laborious and stormy ever known in the history of our Church, and, so far as I know, gave general satisfaction. He presided, on an average, over about seven conferences a year, or say one hundred and fifty in all. And so tenacious was he of performing his whole duty, that, sick or well, he seldom called an elder to relieve him from the chair a moment. The number of days he spent in presiding and carefully watching over and directing the proceedings of ecclesiastical bodies must have been over a thousand. This duty I know to be wearisome and exhausting. But his afternoon and night sessions in the stationing room were still more so. No business is more responsible or difficult than that of assigning ministers to their respective charges. All the peculiarities of the work and of the men and their families to fill it, together with the likes and dislikes of preachers and people, as far as they are known, have to be regarded. "And who is sufficient for these things?" To afford perfect satisfaction to all parties in every case is not calculated on by the bishops, nor expected by any reasonable man; such as do require it are little informed respecting the general subject of an itinerant interchanging ministry. With all its practical difficulties, however, it is the best ministerial organization in America, because most successful. And the practical working of itinerancy is attended with less friction upon the whole than might be supposed, less than is experienced in the systems regulating changes among various orders of settled pastors.

The rule requiring the bishops to appoint the preachers annually, under certain limitations and exceptions, was carefully and faithfully executed by Bishop Waugh for nearly twenty-two years. The average number of preachers appointed by him per annum, was, probably, five hundred and fifty, or say twelve thousand in all. What a fearful responsibility was involved! How many hard cases were decided! How severely were his sympathies taxed! How many disappointed expectants, both among preachers and people, to worry him with complaints, or petitions for relief not in his power to afford! But his principle of action under the rule was the good of the work first, and the accommodation of parties second. To this principle he adhered under all circumstances to the best of his judgment, and in doing so maintained at once the integrity of the Episcopal administration and the confidence of his brethren, generally, both in the ministry and laity.

The number of deacons and elders ordained by Bishop Waugh during his entire superintendency, I have no

means of ascertaining definitely; but, probably, from 2,500 to 3,000. Many of these preceded him to the heavenly rest, while others are left behind to toil and suffer, battle and conquer, through faith in the blood of the Lamb. May they all make full proof of their ministry and obtain the crown of life!

To follow Bishop Waugh on his regular Episcopal tours for twenty-two consecutive years and review his travels and labors, would not be suitable here in this brief sketch. Besides, the requisite material is not in my possession or reach. I shall, therefore, leave this for his regular biographer. Suffice it to say, when our jurisdiction as joint Superintendents extended to the entire connection, east, west, north, and south, he took his full share of the work, changing routes with his colleagues annually, so that each one should quadrennially, if possible, visit all the conferences. In those days his routes ranged from Michigan to Georgia, and from Maine to Texas, "everywhere preaching the word." This form of the work continued till the brethren of the south organized for themselves. Since that period his labors have been geographically curtailed, but not otherwise diminished.

In 1857 he presided over six conferences, scattered from the Atlantic seaboard to Michigan and Indiana, besides aiding his colleagues at three or four others. For 1858 he had engaged to preside as far east as Providence conference, and as far west as Iowa. Though in the sixty-ninth year of his life and forty-ninth of his itinerant ministry, his zeal was in no wise abated. He knew full well the perils of travel by land and water; the privation of long absence from home; his liability to sudden attacks of disease, by which he had several times been admonished of his coming end; but none of these things moved him. He left the time, place, and manner of his departure out of this world with Him who orders all things well, but seemed to be resolved to die at his post—

"His body with his charge lay down,
And cease at once to work and live."

A letter written to me on the day Bishop Waugh died, by Rev. Wm. Hamilton, of Baltimore, contains these interesting items:

"The Bishop went to Carlisle about two weeks since to assist brother Chambers in an interesting revival of religion now in progress in that place, and while there labored with his usual zeal and success. On his arrival at home he was taken with violent erysipelas, but through the skill of his attending physician—Dr. Dulin—the disorder had fully yielded, so much so, indeed, that he was able to sit up and converse a little with his friends the evening before he died. The immediate cause of the Bishop's death, it is thought, was an affection of the heart, for he expired in a moment, and without a struggle.

"Thus has fallen in our midst one universally beloved and respected, and whose death must produce a profound sensation throughout the Methodist Episcopal Church."

The death of such a distinguished servant of Christ is a loss to the general work. The whole Church, of which he was senior Superintendent, is bereaved. More than 800,000 members, and over 13,000 ministers and preachers, will feel as if they had buried their father. His manly form no more appears among us. His voice will be heard no more in our councils. That vacant seat in the Episcopal board will deeply affect his bereaved colleagues. We shall not again behold his placid countenance. His flowing locks of silver white will never again

excite our veneration or elicit our admiration. His dark and brilliant but mild and beneficent eyes, will never again shed upon us their beams of fraternal affection. But he leaves with us his bright example, that we may follow him as he did Christ. It is worthy of imitation. He was a man of God, a consistent Christian and faithful minister, scrupulous in the performance of every known duty. He was plain in his apparel, though proverbially neat; sedate in appearance, courteous in manner, affable in social life, given to hospitality. He was grave but not sad; cheerful but not trifling; communicative but not loquacious; economical but not avaricious; liberal but not wasteful.

As a Methodist, he advocated the "old landmarks" laid down by our fathers, ever ready to encourage valuable improvements and to incorporate needful changes, but no friend to speculative reform. He adhered very strictly to Methodist doctrine, rule, and usage everywhere; yet, as a Christian, he cultivated large views and pursued a liberal policy toward all evangelical Churches, saying with Paul, "Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity." Ephesians vi, 24. As a minister of Christ he was not showy, but solid and impressive; earnest and untiring in effort; and had many sons and daughters in the Gospel, who will rise up and call him blessed. As a presiding officer he was dignified and courteous, always respectful and respected; evincing nothing of the prelate, but much of the father in Christ. May the mantle of our lamented Elijah fall on some younger Elisha, who shall prove himself worthy to wear it! Though our departed brother was not bodily translated in a chariot of fire, like the old prophet, yet his redeemed spirit ascended to heaven, leaving the militant Church in a general flame of revival glory. There is no better time to die and go home to the heavenly inheritance than when the Gospel army is in rapid motion, and cheering us on every side with shouts of victory. May this blessed work of salvation prevail more and yet more, till all nations shall return the triumphant response, "Halleluah; for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!"

T. A. MORRIS.

Home Lodge, February 15, 1858.

We will only add to the above that the funeral services, occasioned by the death of Bishop Waugh, took place in the Light-Street Church, Baltimore, on the 10th of February. A large number of the clergy and laity of the city and adjacent Churches were in attendance. An appropriate discourse was preached by Bishop James, after which the remains were borne to the Mount Olivet Cemetery, where they were deposited to await the resurrection of the just. To the large audience assembled there Bishop Scott read the burial service, which was composed for the occasion by Miss Georgiana A. Hunt, and sung by the choir, closed the solemn ceremony.

Honored is that cemetery which contains the graves of Asbury, George, Emory, and Waugh.

The funeral discourse of Bishop James was subsequently repeated in New York city, at the request of the Preachers' Meeting, before a large audience. Our various benevolent associations have also passed appropriate resolutions, expressive of the high respect in which this eminent servant of Jesus Christ was held in the Church.

"Servant of God, well done."

Thus the fathers, the old standard-bearers of Methodism, are passing away.

Editor's Table.

CROWDED OUT.—Quite an amount of editorial and other matter designed for this number is, in editorial parlance, "crowded out," which simply means that it *did not get in*. Some of the matter that "got in" had to be "edited down" (we believe we are indebted to Dr. Stevens for that word. Thank you, Doctor! Homer never coined a more expressive phrase) not a little. But equal-handed justice was also exercised here; for the editor *edited* himself as well as others. Our disappointed contributors we hope will bear the grievance and infliction with as much equanimity as the editor does.

NOTES OF CHEER.—Our friends from every quarter send us words of cheer. That we should not suffer at all from "the hard times" was not to be expected. That we suffer so little, under all the circumstances, gives fresh evidence that the Repository has a strong hold upon the hearts of our people. Many say to us, "The times are hard; we hardly know how to turn; but we can't give up the Repository." Others say, "We hardly know how to spare two dollars; but we can't keep house without the Repository." Still others, "We must have its monthly visits to cheer and gladden our domestic circle." Some of our brother ministers write, "The times are hard—terribly hard—but the people will have the Repository." Others say, "The people have but little money, but we have pushed the subscription till our list is doubled." Such are some of the notes of cheer that encourage us in our work; and, what is still better, that also assure us that there are cords of sympathy between us and our brethren.

EXCERPTA FROM CORRESPONDENCE.—The following is from the daughter of one of our old friends, now a toil-worn itinerant, compelled to retire from the effective ranks. May God temper to him this sad bereavement!

"How can I take my pen to tell you that I am motherless? My dear, sweet mother is dead, *dead, DEAD!* While I sit here writing, and the moon looks so bright and smiling upon me through the window, my idolized mother is sleeping down in the damp grave, hundreds of miles away. That great grief which from childhood my soul has shrunk from, has at last come to me. 'The star of my home has gone down in the grave.' O, my mother! my mother! shall I never again hear her voice—shall I never see her smile of love—never more hear her say, 'Jesus—never have another prayer offered for God in my behalf from a mother's lips? No, no; I will be in this cold, bleak, lonely, empty world without a mother. My heart cries out in anguish, 'Give me back my mother! give me back her whom my soul adores!' O, I did not mean to *worship* at an earthly shrine; I did not mean to love my father and my mother better than my God; but I did. I see, I know it now. Had I loved as I ought, she might have been spared many years to us. This has awakened me. I thought I loved God supremely; but it was not so; and now I must love him more, and my father differently, if I would have him spared to me. *God only knows how I have loved my parents.* Separated from them much, my thoughts by day and dreams by night have been for them. All that I am and all I hope to be has been for them. But my own

sweet mother will cheer me no more here. I know not how to live without her; the world seems a blank."

The following is excerpted from the unpublished Diary of M. Louisa Chitwood, under date of February 3, 1851:

"It is evening. Most gloriously comes the silvery light of the full moon down through the vines wreathing the window. All is still.

"O, 'tis the hour for holy, heavenly thoughts—
And thoughts, sweet thoughts come crowding up
Within the chambers of my soul,
Too strong for my control.

"O, it seems to me that I would love to ramble away alone to-night, beneath the cold moon and watching stars, to commune with my own sad heart.

"O, were my home in yon bright star
That trembles in the deep-blue sky,
I'd feel no more this earthly war,
Nor tears of grief should dim my eye.

But like a bird in forest nest,
Amid the whisperings of the breeze,
So would my heart be hushed in rest,
And softly throb with perfect peace.

Away, sweet dream, away, away!
This earth is still my dear abode,
Until I leave this shrine of clay,
And cast aside my sinful load.

And then, like bird of loosened wing,
My soul shall mount afar on high,
And with the angel choirs shall sing
In golden mansions of the sky."

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE BOOK COMMITTEE.—The annual meeting of the Book Committee of the Western Book Concern, took place in the Committee Room, February 24th. It is composed of the following persons; namely, Rev. J. T. Mitchell, of the Cincinnati conference; Dr. E. Thomson, of the North Ohio conference; Dr. Cartwright, of the Illinois conference; Rev. James M. Jameson, of the Ohio conference; Rev. W. H. Collins, of the Detroit conference; Rev. W. C. Smith, of the Indiana conference; and Rev. F. C. Holliday, of the South-Eastern Indiana conference. The members of the Committee were all present; as was also Rev. Luke Hitchcock, a delegate from the Publishing Committee at Chicago. The deliberations of the Committee were conducted with great harmony. We have not space to say all we desire; but hope at an early date to sketch the history of the Western Book Concern.

The results for the past year, we learn, were of the most satisfactory character.

The aggregate assets are.....	\$356,210 43
Liabilities, (including those for building in Chicago and those to the Church South).....	159,291 09
Showing a net capital of.....	\$196,919 34
The assets of the Concern in New York are.....	\$659,806 08
Liabilities.....	166,986 14
Capital stock.....	\$492,819 94

The net capital of both Concerns is, therefore, \$689,539.28. It would seem that the heavy draft made by the Church South in 1844, has scarcely impeded its onward progress. It now, certainly, exhibits a vitality rich in promise to the Church.

Mr. U



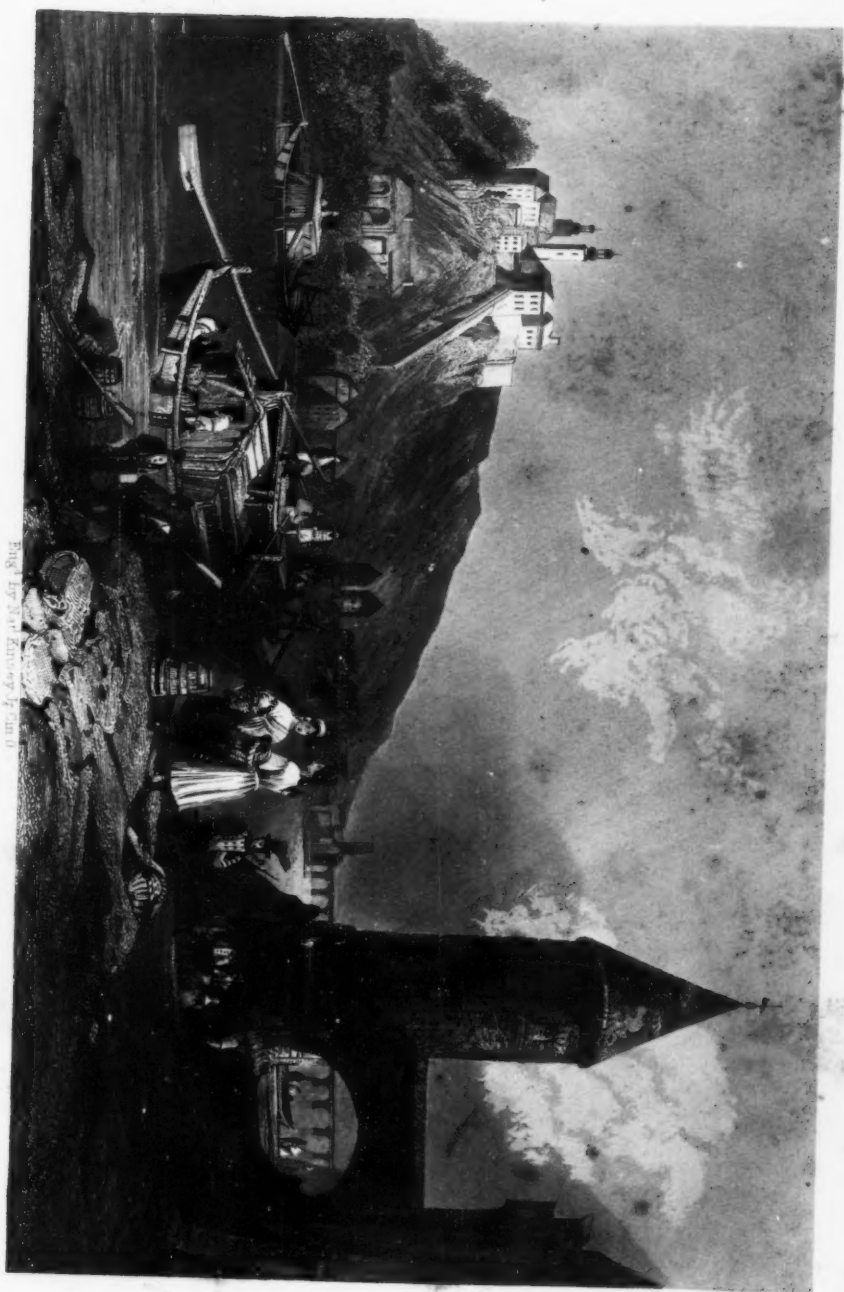
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